Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

It was generally hoped, at least I for one hoped, that the general and continued discussion of the temperance question would do some practical good. Without having any precedent to guide me I felt two years ago that the election of Mayor Howland would give an impetus to temperance organizations and reformation societies, the result of which would be to decrease drunkenness. A year later, when seventy-four saloons closed up—or at least had their licenses taken away from them—I imagined that, temptation being reduced, it would make temperance virtue a little easier. The year of grace one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven is drawing to a close. As I sit behind a tumbler of cold tea, trying to reckon up the advantages which have been gained in the several campaigns, I am at a loss to give the items of benefit or reckon the total good accomplished.

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I was down town on Christmas Monday. It has been my habit to circulate among the publicans, and those ordinarily rated as sinners, for an hour or two on Christmas, partly with the idea of keeping in my own mind as well as in theirs the fact that, while I have always been in favor of temperance legislation, I am not prepared to shovel the hotel-keeper into the oven without giving him a chance like all the rest of us sinners expect to have. But I must confess that the Christmas of this year of grace was the noisiest, most obstreperous and drunken that I ever knew.

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Men whose habits I always considered good, and young fellows whom, I dare warrant, had not been full before in a twelvemonth, to use a street phrase, "had their skates on," and were sailing all over the hotels and streets with that peculiarly ungraceful gesture which reminds one of the amateur with his first pair of rollers on. I met many of my old acquaintances who through the two campaigns had stood by Howland, and were in favor of reducing the licenses and closing up the drink traffic entirely. Many of them were not slow to say they were on the side of Rogers, the home and the fireside, though it must be admitted they would approach their own in a pretty bad shape. I am not trying to account for it; I am not urging that temperance agitation has been the cause of it; the fact remains, and a solemn and disgraceful fact it is.

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One reason—though not one that I consider accounts for all the drunkenness on Christmas day—is the teaching that has been so largely indulged in that a man is not responsible personally for much more than his vote. We have been taught drunkenness will continue as long as there are saloons. Probably this is true. Furthermore, it has been pounded into us that the saloon and not the man is responsible for this drunkenness, and if we desire to cure the evil we must eliminate the saloon.

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Dr. Macdonnell taught the doctrine of individual responsibility, and what a cry was there—one esteemed gentleman going so far as to say he was inspired by the devil.

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Is not the taking of the blame from the man and piling it on to the bar of the saloon a mistaken idea? Has there not been so much said about this sort of thing that the drinker feels that the hotel-keeper, and not himself, will be damned for the vice of drunkenness? Everything is admitted about the man who places a stumbling-block in the path of his brother; but it must be remembered that when a brother goes round hunting for a stumbling-block he is pretty apt to find it, and has himself to blame. Individual restraint and personal education seems to have been superseded in temperance matters by sumptuary laws and a shout against the thing which produces drunkenness rather the act of the mind and the intention of the heart which lead men into temptation and sin.

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I believe in lessening as much as possible temptation. Who is there who repeats the Lord's Prayer who does not thoroughly understand that righteousness depends as much on avoiding temptation as in resisting it. The man who hunts a poker game, despite the law against gambling-houses, is sure to find it. The one who seeks for immorality, though it is against the law and watched by the police, is not a ta loss to find the haunts of sin. Much more is all this true with regard to all those vices in which a man needs no partner and no purveyor. Legal methods to suppress and cure have been sought and used in vain. It is acknowledged that there is no method except moral suasion and a pointing out of the results of a departure from the straight and narrow path. It would be absurd to contend that a depravity of desire that is satisfied with nothing but drink and drunkenness would cease to be a depravity and a rotten spot in the man who has been affected by it, if the temptation were removed. It might keep the weak brother from falling if there were no other places to fall on, but there are plenty of slippery places besides the saloon, and the road to damnation is not thronged by drunkards alone.

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I would not try to teach that it would be folly to remove the temptation lest the sin would be replaced by another, but I do contend that it would be a mistake to imagine that the removal of one temptation would change the nature of man or cure the weakness which is satisfied with nothing but sin. There is only one Physician whose touch can heal the leper-spots of the soul and His influence, and the teaching and preaching in His name, is much more apt to accomplish a temperance reformation than teaching and preaching in the name of the Fleming by-law, and calling the saloon and saloonkeeper accursed. I would suggest that some of those of "the cloth" who are taking so much interest in the easy task of going into public halls and converting their pulpits into electioneering platforms would be following much more strictly the spirit of their Master's teaching if they went into the byeways and highways and into the homes of poverty and sin, by the bedside of the suffering and into the dwellings of those who sin because godliness seems so far away from them and goodness so impossible, and there teach the gospel of love, hope and charity and the power of Him to save, who never refuses to hear those who diligently seek Him. While those who tempt their brother to sin will be punished for the sin they commit, those who have assumed a public responsibility and the garb of a sacred calling will also be punished for having omitted to teach that self-restraint, self-respect and uprightness of life should be a part of every true man. Let the clerical gentlemen who rave against the sins of commission beware lest they fall into condemnation for their sins of omission.

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On Christmas morning, while listening to Dr. Thomas and noting his cultured and ornate style, there flitted through my mind a picture of his very opposite in method, old Elder Abraham Smith, whose forceful and unctious preaching I used hear many years ago in the Baptist meeting-house on the cross-roads near where I was born. He was a fine-looking old man with a loud but melodious voice and great staying powers. He had no education, and looked with more or less suspicion on those who had. Sometimes, when his congregation showed signs of wearying of his ministrations, he used to say with great unction: "I can't put on the flowery-ah, like some of yer preachers kin, but, when it comes right down to solid preachin the gos-pil-ah, I'm there with the best on 'em every time-ah!"

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By the way, talking about the church, I heard that the Jarvis street Baptist prayer meeting has lately been disturbed by some outsiders who insisted on professing and talking perfect holiness until Rev. Dr. Thomas sat on them and plumply told them he would have no such doctrine taught under his pastorate. Now that these people are unable to further air themselves and their sinlessness, they should establish a society of their own, with Henry Hold-the-Fort O'Brien as president, F. Ex-Spence sec.-treasurer, James Bejoyful Boustead, Lawyer McLaren, J. Alph Livingston, Elias Rogers, and a few more such gentlemen who can consistently claim to be without sin, as an Executive Committee.

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The city needs something of this sort as an escape valve for those of exuberant goodness who are just now trying to talk the electorate to death, and even have to go uninvited into churches in order to create disturbance and get a chance to proclaim their purity. If they organize, at their first election of officers, it will probably be found that no one will be quite sure of the perfect holiness of anyone but himself. There is an old story which is so applicable to the crowd of which I speak that I'll take chances and tell it. A church sprang up in Scotland, which held that no one but its members would be permitted to enter Heaven. Its somewhat narrow doctrine prevented its success, and all the old members died off excepting Sandy and his wife Janet. The rector meeting Janet one day, ironically suggested that he supposed she and Sandy were now the only people on earth who would be saved. "Aw mon," said she, severely, "I'm no sae sure o' Sandy!"

The bitterness of the Mayoralty campaign is over; nothing now remains but to poll the vote, and no doubt there will be more ballots cast than ever before in the history of the city of Toronto. All efforts to foretell the result must be a good deal in the nature of guess-work, though Mr. Clarke's canvass books show a very large majority for him.

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The fight has indeed been a bitter one, and all of the bitterness has been imported into it in the name of religion and for the cause of temperance. The disturbances at some of Mr. Rogers' meetings were not suprising when we remember the license which the speakers took, and the abuse they heaped upon those opposed to them. Very few men can tamely sit and be called "whisky-heads," and despoilers of the home and fireside, when they know the speaker is untruthful and his accusations unjust. These disturbances have been utilized by those in favor of Mr. Rogers as showing that Mr. Clarke's friends are rowdies and disturbers of the peace. It would be fairer to lay the blame at the door of the intemperate orators who have berated those of their hearers who did not agree with them, and hurled opprobrious epithets at the head of every man who did not bear the mark of Rogers on his forehead. Sometimes gentlemen speaking from the pulpit are apt to go farther than good taste or the accepted laws of public speech would tolerate in anyone else, but Mr. Rogers' friends have no right to presume that because they claim to be on the side of religion and temperance they can, without fear of interruption, adopt misrepresentation, abuse and violent name-calling as the weapons of their cause.

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Mr. Clarke has used none of these methods. In a much more forcible manner than any of the others, and with a dignity of conduct and kindliness of disposition which should put the friends of Mr. Rogers to shame, he has stated his own position without attacking others. I hope and believe that he will be elected Mayor, but whether or not he receives a majority of ballots on Monday next he will still be Mayor in the hearts of his friends, and will be as universally respected and admired, as he always has been, by those who can admire rugged honesty and worth coupled with ability and a generous heart.

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The friends of Mr. Rogers, in claiming the victory for him, say the three strongest classes in the city are at his back—the ladies, prohibitionists and the churches. Analyzed, what does this mean? One class, not three. And this is supposing that the contention of his friends is true, while as a matter of fact a great many ladies are likely to support Mr. Clarke because they know of the goodness and self-sacrifice of a struggling life which has been devoted to his mother and his family. As to the prohibitionists, they, with the remainder of the ladies, are also church people. If by "church people" they mean that everyone who belongs to a church is going to vote against Mr. Clarke and for Mr. Rogers they are vastly mistaken. Only those who accept their municipal instruction from the pulpit—and the class is a small one—can be reckoned in the church party which opposes Mr. Clarke.

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In summing up Mr. Clarke's strength it is admitted that the working classes will support him because they love him, and because he has always been one of them—a man whose hand they could take and whose heart they could rely upon; one, too, whose ability they respected, and on whose integrity they could depend. This is a very large section of the community. Men of all classes who rebel against the pharisaical rule of the self-appointed committee who esteem it their business to manage Toronto will vote for Mr. Clarke or Ald. Defoe, and it is to be feared by Mr. Defoe's friends that many of them are saying "Defoe" when they intend to vote "Clarke."

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While Sir John, despite his surplus years, over three score and ten, is establishing newspapers and making every preparation to carry elections and boom the party, what are the Grit brethren doing? Has the party gone into the hands of a receiver, or is it waiting for the end of the earth? If it is in hope of the speedy second advent, of course toil would be wasted; but if it expects to be anything but a holy show in the next Parliament it will have to pull itself together and fire out the blockheads who seem to be in charge. There is one gentleman who is, and has been, high in the councils of the party, because he climbed into the seat and held it by pure gall. Why the crowd didn't throw him out always was a mystery to me, though they knew that behind his giant cheek and bulging brow there were no more brains than there are in a swollen leg.

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When Nature wearies of monotony she changes the surface of things by uplifting a mountain or engulfing a sea. I imagine Canadian nature must be mighty tired of the class of politics we have been having, and considerable thousands of people would be delighted if the monotony were relieved by an earthquake, even if it reached down into the bowels of the earth and heaved into sight Uncle Joe Tait as leader of the Grit party at Ottawa or Sheriff of the county of York. Just now one position is nigh about as honorable and desirable as the other, with the fact in favor of the shrievalty that it has a $1,500 salary attached to it.

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When we come to scrutinize the alacrity with which Father Mowat gave the big prize to his son and keeps back the little gift from Uncle Joe Tait, who has toiled so long and so loudly, it has the appearance of greediness.

DOE.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Mr. Chamberlain's Visit.

The British plenipotentiary and his staff, which consists of Mr. Byrne of the British Foreign Office, and Mr. Maycuck, his secretary, reached Toronto at 8.50 Thursday evening. Sir David Macpherson's carriage met them at the depot, and they were at once driven to Chestnut Park, where a dinner party had been arranged for the visitors. Besides Mr. Chamberlain, his suite and Sir David and Lady Macpherson, there were present: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. J. B. Ferguson, Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. W. M. Macpherson, Miss Robinson, Miss McInnes of Hamilton, Miss May Jones, Mrs. Mallock, Miss Morris, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. Fox, Mr. J. H. Ferguson, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Mallock, Mr. Gordon Jones and Messrs. W. M. and David Macpherson.

Yesterday morning Mr. Chamberlain was driven about the city, and last evening, of course, he was banqueted at the Rossin House by the Board of Trade. To-day he will leave for Niagara Falls.

To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply mangreness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

The wedding of Mr. Douglas Armour, barrister, and son of Chief Justice Armour, Cobourg, to Miss Agnes Spratt, seventh daughter of Mr. Robert Spratt, Toronto, at St. George's church, on Wednesday, was a happy triumph, artistically and socially. The church was well filled at the time appointed for the ceremony—half-past one—by the numerous friends and admirers of the bride; and the number of lucky ones who were bidden as guests were sufficient in numbers to fill the first half dozen rows of seats reserved and attended to by the ushers, Messrs. R. Spratt and C. Dickson.

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At twenty minutes to two the bride entered, leaning on her father's arm, preceded by the choir singing, and followed by her five bridesmaids walking singly. They were met at the altar by Mr. Armour, supported by his brother, Mr. Stuart Armour, and Messrs. Blake, Shanly, W. Spratt and Benj. Cronyn. The service was conducted by Rev. John D. Cayley, rector of the church. In honor of the young couple, who were members of the choir for many years, a full choral service was given.

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The bride wore white watered silk, with ribbons of the same material and lace arranged perpendicularly on the skirt, and draped. A tulle veil, surmounted by the conventional wreath of orange blossoms, completed the bridal costume, and the tout ensemble was deliciously simple, pretty and effective. The bridesmaids—Miss T. Spratt, of Woodstock, sister of the bride; the Misses Armour of Cobourg, Constance Cumberland, Hendrie of Hamilton, and Madeline Spratt—were attired in gauze, the pale shades of the rainbow, to suit their complexions and styles, with white tulle veils, fastened by aigrettes, corresponding to the color of their gowns, and large bouquets of jasamine. Miss T. Spratt, as maid of honor, wore pale-salmon pink. Miss Armour's dark eyes showed to advantage, in contrast with a corn-colored frock. Miss Cumberland was dignified and handsome in a becoming eau de Nile, and the Misses Hendrie and Madeline Spratt looked the personification of "happy bridesmaids," pretty and tempting enough in mauve and yellow respectively, to provoke many to wish for them to "be their happy brides."

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Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Shelton, Woodstock, sisters and brothers-in-law of the bride; Chief Justice Armour, Cobourg; Judge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moss, Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fuller, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Robert Scarth, Mrs. E. Browne, Miss Dupont, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Langmuir, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Don. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. and Miss Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, Messrs. Tilley, Dickson, A. Foy, Fox, Michie and Stimson.

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With a few exceptions the guests were dressed with great simplicity. I noticed a few strikingly pretty costumes though, amongst them being that worn by Miss Edith Yarker—a dark blue material with white polka dots, the skirt trimmed with fan-like pleatings of white, and a waistcoat of white satin, embroidered with gold threads. For this gown the wearer had chosen a most becoming bonnet-shape with white crown, and dark blue velvet bindings and trimming. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave me a glimpse of her suit by removing her black plush wrap during the ceremony, and it consisted of a gray plaid skirt, plush bodice, bonnet and muff. Mrs. Cattanach wore dark, bottle-green satin merveilleux. Mrs. Fitzgibbon, in dark gray and black velvet, was no less lovely than when she shone as the acknowledged belle over all Canadian society five years ago. Miss Annie Vankoughnet instructed herself in the marriage ceremony, in a light gray cashmere and merveilleux, fitting and suiting her graceful and petite figure perfectly. She wore a stylish hat of velvet, ribbons and birds, of the same color. Mrs. Edward Browne was costumed in a rather aesthetic, but, to her, becoming frock of black lace and yellow ribbons with bonnet to match. Mrs. Dalton McCarthy looked strikingly handsome in black lace, over a deep heliotrope velvet bodice. Miss Langmuir's Spanish beauty profited by soft contrast with olive green, and hat of velvet and ribbon. Mrs. Henry Fuller looked well in sapphire blue brocaded velvet, and Mrs. Shelton Fuller in grayish green cashmere. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the residence of Mr. Henry Fuller, Brunswick avenue, where the newly-married couple received congratulations, and departed thence for the 3.55 train for New York, where they propose spending their honeymoon among relations. Mrs. Armour's going-away dress was red, tailor-made and trimmed with black braid.

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Altogether the wedding was one of the prettiest I have seen—lovely bride and bridesmaids, and good-looking, handsome groomsmen. The bride was very pale on her entrance to the church, but that was only natural; and a slight flush afterwards was a great improvement, and her manner in "running the gauntlet" of her many friends, justified her acknowledged character for brightness and naïvete. She is also to be congratulated on her choice of bridal arrangements. One thing especially pleasing and noticeable was the distinct and audible manner in which both bride and groom favored their assembled friends with their intentions and vows, a thing which I have never before been able to hear at a wedding, although many times having been within a few feet of the contracting parties. Whether from a mistaken idea of modesty, or from being indifferent or insensible to the sacredness of their vows, or timidity, or fear, or uncertainty, I do not know; but a fact it is, that most couples are satisfied that the officiating clergyman only are interested, and the friends are left to infer the responses.

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By way of a fashion note, there was almost a total absence of that prevailing and hideous color of fashion—red. I noticed only two red frocks, and they were softened to a shade so deep as made them almost pardonable for their claim to the color.

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Notwithstanding the fact that the smiles of a perfect bevy of beauty were lavished on very few of the sterner sex, Mrs. Stephen Heward's At Home, on Friday of last week, must be pronounced as amongst the most successful of this kind of gathering in the present season. It is pleasant to find one of Toronto's oldest houses, which so long has stood empty, and which has saddened one, as one passed by, through recollection of what had been—it is pleasant, I say, to find such a house once more glowing with the hospitality of its rightful and charming owners. This feeling, together with the quality of the guests, tended to the success of Mrs. Heward's reception. There was another reason of their enjoyment (and mark this well, oh, fair tea-givers!), while there was quality there was not quantity. It was possible to move about, it was even possible to sit down, and one could take a cup of coffee or chocolate without the likelihood of having half of it upset into one's lap. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, the Misses Boulton and the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Edgall, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Mrs. and Miss Dumoulin, Miss McInnes and her brother, Mr. Willie McInnes, in the uniform of a Kingston cadet, Miss Langmuir, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Kerr, and Messrs. Cronyn, Small, Cayley, Shanly, Fox, Langmuir, Napier, Robinson, Beverley Robinson, Roberts, Hume Blake and Thomas.

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One of the brightest and most popular of our grandes dames has been missed in society this winter. Mrs. Blackstock has been in mourning, but this week the news that she was dangerously ill with diphtheria came on society like a blow. A brilliant pianist and an admirable reciter, she was invaluable to all her hostesses, and many a dull evening has she saved by her gifts. That her recovery may be rapid, and that the dreaded malady may leave no ill effects, is the earnest hope of numerous friends and admirers.

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Faust, Lohengrin, Juch, Ludwig, McGucken, are names on the lips of everybody this week. A much-talked-of ball will prevent many of fashion's votaries from attending the Queen of Sheba, but on the 2nd Toronto's brightest and best will all assemble to hear Gounod's masterpiece, Faust, that gem among operas, while on the 3rd, in order to be consistent, all fashion will see Lohengrin—for is not Wagner and his music of the future essentially the fashion? Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell have announced their intention of being present at both Faust and Lohengrin.

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Neat but tiny cards of invitation announced to many people on Wednesday last that the pleasure of their company was requested by Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell for a ball on the 18th of January. The ball is to be a large one—but four or even five hundred people do not overcrowd Government House. It will be the great event, a red-letter day, or rather night, in the present season. Milliners, vendors of gloves, white ties and pumps, florists, etc., will at its coming rejoice as much as the guests themselves. Many a maiden, aye and many a masher, will for this occasion strip them of their stock.

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Why, when, as is the case I believe, large invitation cards are the correct thing, do Toronto people persist in having theirs so small? It is inconsiderate, because these pasteboards make so pleasing a decoration for one's mantlepiece, and those especially who get but few, like them large.

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It will be a very old 1887 when to-day Mrs. Stephen Heward, after only a week's interval, once more entertains her friends at an At Home. It is pleasant to begin the New Year with a sense that the old one has treated one well, and, if Mrs. Heward's afternoon to-day is as successful as on Saturday last, her guests will enter upon 1888 reluctantly, lest the year should not so favor them as did the last day of 1887.

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Christmas dinner parties, held this year on the morrow of Christmas, were, of course, numerous. Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained a large party at Chestnut Park. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, discussed their turkey and their mince pies with numerous guests. In no case were these sone quanons absent, but invariably, I believe, they were accompanied by many other delicacies. Poor mistletoe, even here, where thou growest not, art thou at this season hung up to perish, but no longer dost though fulfil thy proper and original functions! Is it increase of modesty on the one side, or decrease of gumption on the other, that causes the now a days to wither apparently unseen?

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Another german, or cotillion, has been enjoyable, but, hah! We have had two, and two is enough. The novelty of the thing, and indomitable energy on the part of their leaders, have carried these two to a successful termination, but I have no hesitation in saying that a third would fail. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's guests enjoyed her cotillon thoroughly, but, I ask them, did they not enjoy the dances before it commenced and after it was over even more? The most obvious drawback to these dances is this: To enjoy themselves people must be either dancing or talking. In a german there are, of a necessity, long pauses when one cannot dance, and, even if during these pauses one's partner is left to one, it is impossible to converse with him or her with any ease whatever. In the full glare of many chandeliers and of the public eye, and with he or she, owing to the many distractions in sight, quite unable to give his or her full attention to his or her remarks, any attempt at conversation, unless it be criticism of events before the eyes, is a farce. In spite of what I say about the cotillon in general, in particular Mrs. Merritt's was successful. It was carried through with dash. There were present Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. H. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, the Misses Larratt Smith, the Misses Yarker, Miss McInnes, the Misses Todd, Miss Campbell, Miss Edgall, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Captains Sears and Geddes, Messrs. Moffatt, Boulton (several), Napier, Robinson, Shanly, Gibson, Hume Blake, Dickson, Cronyn, Small, Baldwin, Bruce, Meredith, Heward and Cayley.

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Christmas day saw many happy reunions in Toronto, but none was happier than that which occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Barrett, 143 Bloor street east. Without the previous knowledge of their parents the children gathered in Toronto, and their appearance was naturally the cause of both surprise and joy to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. The assembled children were Fred A. Barrett (of Paris, Ont.; J. George Barrett jr., of Chicago; Reuben A. Barrett, of Helena, Montana; J. Madison Barrett of New York; Hugh Barrett, of International Bridge; L. B. Barrett, of this city, and the only daughter, Mrs. Mossom, also of this city. The boys left again this week for their various and respective and widely separated homes.

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The annual ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will be held at the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 2. The date has only just been settled. I hear, too, that the junior bachelors have abandoned the idea of a ball this year, though why, I have not ascertained. If they have it is regretable, for their entertainments in other years have been among the pleasantest events of the season.

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At the usual reception at Government House Wednesday afternoon, Miss Marjorie Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon received. The callers were:

Mr. B. R. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Keefer, Miss Vankoughnet, Miss McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. H. Macdonald, the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, the Misses Larratt Smith, Mr. Hugh Smith, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Fuller, Miss Fuller, Miss E. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Wadsworth, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Miss Goring, Mr. Geo. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Mrs. C. V. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Gordon Mackay, Mr. A. E. Mickie, Mr. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Miss E. Armstrong, Miss S. Bethune, Miss Dumoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Parsons, the Misses Parsons, Miss Boswell, Mrs. Brough, Mr. C. Dickson, Mrs. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bethune, Mr. and Miss Darling, Miss Davidson, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, C. A. Bogert, Henry J. Bethune, R. L. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Baldwin, W. Gillespie, jr., E. R. Greig, H. M. Macdonald, C. T. Campbell, A. H. Campbell, jr., Mr. and Mrs. S. H. O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Mr. A. H. O'Brien, Miss Ardagh, A. J. Hollyer, S. Y. Baldwin, R. W. G. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Blaikie, Miss Blaikie, Mr. F. Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, G. W. Beardmore, H. J. Wickham, Mrs. Wickham, Mrs. Jefferson, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, the Misses Merritt, Miss Cameron, Mr. J. P. Hodgins, Mr. A. R. Hodgins, Mrs. S. Heward, Mr. D. S. McInnis, Miss Edgall, Mr. J. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clarke, Miss Florence Clarke, Mr. Ewing, Miss E. Armstrong, Mr. A. J. Hollyer, Mr. R. H. Cameron.

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On Thursday evening a dinner was given at the Reform Club to Mr. Douglas Armour by a few of his friends, the event being intended as a good-bye to his days of gay bachelorhood. The legal profession was predominant, and its members showed conclusively their aptitude to cast off that appearance of solemn wisdom, which is a portion of their calling, by presenting to the excellent menu smiling and happy faces. The menu assuredly did not "show cause" why such merriment should cease, and the old walls listened to some extremely happy speeches. The benedict to be, and who now is, sat on the right side of the chairman, Mr. W. Barwick, and evidently a vision of his coming happiness prevented him from more keenly feeling that matrimony makes many friends, but leaves some for ever, and that his old chambers in the Varsity would, in a few hours, know him no longer. He shed no tears, but looked, as many young ladies can easily imagine, strong in his resolve. Mr. Barwick proposed the toast of the evening, Our Guest, and Mr. Armour made a short reply. Speeches were made by A. B. Aleswortb, G. E. Evans and W. R. Moffatt, while Hume Blake brought great applause by a charming song. The evening broke up about 12.30, and Mr. Armour was driven home with immense pomp and cermony.

TETE-A-TETE.

Mr. G. S. Mackay returned from New York last week.

Mr. H. Huldane is spending the holidays in the city. Prescott seems to have agreed with him.

Mrs. Cassels and her daughter, Miss Cassels of Montreal, are the guests of Mr. Walter Cassels, Q.C.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Winstanley spent Christmas in Woodstock as the guests of Mrs. D. Hughes Charles.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Macpherson have come up from their home at Quebec to spend Christmas and to inaugurate 1888 at Chestnut Park.

Mr. C. A. Conolly, secretary of the Chicago Building and Loan Association, spent Christmas with his brother Mr. A. G. W. Conolly of the Bank of Commerce.

Rev. E. B. Lawler and his niece, Miss L. A. Lawler, left last week to spend Christmas at the home of the latter in Boston. Rev. Mr. Lawler intends to visit Florida before returning to Toronto.

Miss Bethune, daughter of Mr. Strachan Bethune, Q.C., of Montreal, who has been the guest of Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin for the past few weeks, will return home on Wednesday next. Miss Dumoulin will accompany her on a short visit to her former home.

It is understood that Mr. W. N. Anderson of Montreal, formerly general manager of the Bank of Commerce and at present assistant general manager of the Merchants' Bank, has resigned his position and will leave the bank at the end of the year.

Miss Ethel Galt and her brother Mr. H. Galt have returned from a visit to relatives in Winnipeg. Miss Stewart of Banff Springs, a daughter of Mr. George Stewart, the superintendent of the Springs, accompanied her. Mrs. Stewart and her children are spending the winter in Toronto.

Mr. Fred. Moffatt managed to contract diphtheria while on a legal trip to Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec last month, but owing to the devoted attention of his wife and the treatment of Allan Baines, M.D., he has pulled through. Mrs. Moffatt is completely prostrated after her exertions, but Dr. Baines is confident of sending both his patients away for needed rest next week.

Caned.

Mr. R. J. Allan, of the Allan Furniture Co., was presented with a gold-headed cane by his employes on Friday evening of last week.

JOSEF HOFMANN

THE PHENOMENAL PIANIST

WRITES CONCERNING THE CELEBRATED

WEBER PIANOFORTES

TRANSLATION.

WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, December 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. WEBER—I much regret that I cannot already thank you in the English language for the magnificent instruments which you have placed at my disposal for my concerts.

Only the powerful tone, the beautiful singing and carrying quality of your instruments render my appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House possible, and until now I have found no instrument whose Tone, Touch and Musical Properties were so sympathetic to me as those of your pianofortes. Gratefully yours,

JOSEF HOFMANN.

Sole agents in Toronto for the unrivalled Weber Pianos.

I. SUCKLING & SONS

Piano Warerooms, 107 Yonge street, corner Adelaide.

GREAT SALE OF OVERCOATS

Now going on at

OAK HALL

Every Overcoat to be sold at

NET WHOLESALE PRICES AND UNDER

Until the whole are completely cleared out. Those in need of a Winter Overcoat should certainly see our stock before they buy.

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAYS

Royal Worcester Dinner Sets,
Crown Derby Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Doulton Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Royal Worcester Vases and Ornaments,
Crown Derby Vases and Ornaments,
Doulton Vases and Ornaments,
Fish and Game Sets and Game Pie Plates,
Oyster Tureens and Oyster Plates,
Cheese Tubs, Muffin and Toast Covers,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Coffeepots,
Rodgers' Knives and Carvers,
Tea Trays and Dish Mats.

GLOVER HARRISON

IMPORTER.

LADIES!

If you want to get good reliable articles in the line of

HAIR GOODS

The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.

BANGS, WAVES, WIGS, SWITCHES, &c., &c.

Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.

Now is the time to call and see them before selecting your holiday presents.

A. DORENWEND,

Paris Hair Works.

103 & 105 YONGE STREET.

The Most Reliable Hair Works in Canada.

HUNDREDS OF

NOVELTIES

IN

TOYS, GAMES AND FANCY GOODS,

Now on view in our establishment. Call early and make your selection. We could not begin to accommodate the crowds who visited Old Santa Claus' Headquarters last Christmas.

Presents for everybody and anybody, all ages and all temperaments at

QUA & CO.'S

Toronto Toy and Game Emporium,

49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

BABY LINEN

Infants' Night Gowns, 40c., 49c., 65c.
Infants' Day Gowns, 75c., 85c., $1, $1.25, $1.55.
Infants' Yoke Morning Dresses, $1.85, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.75, $4.75, $5.75.
Infants' Robes, $2.35, $2.55, $3, $3.75, $3.95, $4.25 up.
Infants' Baricotes, $1, $1.35, $1.55, $1.75, $2.
Infants' Baricotes, beautifully embroidered, $3.75, $4.25, $4.75, $5.25 up.
Infants' Long Flannel Skirts, $2, $2.35, $2.50.
Infants' Head-squares, $1, $1.25, $1.55, $1.75, $2.15, $2.75 up.
Infants' Long Cambric Skirts, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.55, $1.75 up.
Infants' Flannel Bands, Swathes and Nursery Squares.
Puffs, Powder Boxes, Brushes, etc.

PAGE & PAGE

206 and 208 Yonge Street.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles

Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.

This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

J. Pittman & Co

Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

A New Year's Fairy.

The large and handsome wood engraving which appears on this page scarcely needs any letter-press exemplification. In mute eloquence it tells its own story of a poverty-stricken home, made glad and bright and happy on New Year's day by the angel ministrations of the dainty young lady slipping in through the open door, moved to her good work, perhaps, by a careful perusal of The Children's Christmas, and Katie's Toboggan Ride, in last week's icicle, and the tender sympathy of a cast-iron poker.

And again I have seen them brimming over with human love and human tenderness, kind, thoughtful and considerate. I have seen them aiding the sick and poor with a pity that was divine, with a grace that had in it something of the graciousness of Heaven and with a compassion that was infinite, very much like the earthly angel who is pictured here as bringing a world of joy and happiness into the abode of poverty and want.

The sympathetic heart is always the happiest.

A NEW YEAR'S FAIRY.

SATURDAY NIGHT. It takes so little to make a poor home glad—only a moment of our time, only a farthing from the well-stocked purse, only a kind word, a tender smile and the gentle touch of a loving hand. That is all. I have seen people go into poor homes with a grim, stern look that would chill the heart of a graven image. They showed the same interest and sympathy in those whom they aided as a bull-dog shows in her young man's new clothes, and they showed it in the same gruff, snapping and unpleasant way. They were not human. They gave bread with the grace of an

There is to it joy and happiness in the doing of good graciously. The greatest charity in the world is worthless when it is not accompanied by the human fellow-feeling which makes us all akin. Unless it comes with grace it comes but illy, and loses half its God-like significance.

S.

Art and Artists.

I have been favored with a programme of the art fair held early this month by the Art Association of Montreal, after which it is proposed to model the talked-of art loan exhibition to be held here next spring in conjunction with the joint exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists. The programme is a very elaborate lithographed affair, profusely illustrated with sketches capable of considerable improvement, and lettered throughout in Old English style both as to text and form. The different booths, as shown in the illustrations, comprise:

Ye bothe of glasse and porcelaine.
Ye village povnde.
Ye poste.
Ye tovn halle.
Ye olde Englishe dayerie.
Ye village stithie.
Ye basqvetterie.
Ye peintores' marte.
Ye plesavnce of ye lytel folke.
Ye apothicaries' halle.

A sheet at the back speaks "of ye pastimes," which consist of ye minstralsie; ye Hesperides, theyr pretious tree; Sir Pvnch and Dame Jvdge, hys wyfe; a davnce of milk maydes and ye office of ye poste. I rather like the arrangement of the Montreal fair, and fancy those Toronto people who are interested in it, could not do better than follow it up. It would certainly be most interesting, and would give the ladies a chance to show their fondness for the unique in dress. The fair might be closed with a large fancy dress ball, in which the old English costumes could be used to good advantage.

*

I have received several letters relative to art which I will have to hold over till another week, the cruel editor absolutely refusing me room to print them. My thanks are due my correspondents for the kind words they have written in commendation of what my poor pen has done in this column.

*

Mr. Gerald S. Hayward, the English miniature painter, who is at present in Toronto, is an enthusiast on miniature painting and loses no opportunity for enlarging on a branch of art that for a long time was almost forgotten. The art has been revived, however, and seems to have lost none of its charms by its long disuse.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

A French gourmand says: Appetite is the most ungrateful thing in the world; the more you do for it the sooner it deserts you.

T. EATON & CO.

190 YONGE STREET.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS NOT OVER. NO, DO NOT THINK BECAUSE CHRISTMAS DAY HAS PASSED THAT FRIENDS WHOM YOU FORGOT WOULD NOT APPRECIATE A PRESENT AS WELL NOW AS IF GIVEN A FEW DAYS AGO. JUDGING FROM THE LARGE NUMBER WHO VISITED OUR STORE DURING THE PAST FEW DAYS, THESE ARE FACTS READILY BORNE OUT.

WE MEAN TO DO IN THE NEXT SIX DAYS WHAT USUALLY WOULD REQUIRE SIX WEEKS TO ACCOMPLISH, WE MEAN TO CLOSE OUT THE BALANCE OF OUR HOLIDAY GOODS. NO EFFORT ON OUR PART WILL BE SPARED TO MAKE A VISIT TO OUR STORE OF SURPRISING INTEREST, FOR REMEMBER THAT EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH OF HOLIDAY GOODS MUST BE SOLD, IF LOW PRICES WILL DO IT.

NOW, THEN, COME AND SEE US. COME ANY DAY OF THE WEEK AND ANY HOUR OF THE DAY, AND WE WILL GIVE YOU GENUINE SURPRISES IN THE WAY OF GENUINE BARGIANS. SEE OUR STOCK OF HANDKERCHIEFS—MYRAIDS OF THEM.

SEE OUR PLUSH DRESSING CASES, WORK, JEWEL AND MANICURE BOXES, INFANT BOXES, SATCHELS, BAGS, FANS, ALBUMS AND LEATHER GOODS.

SEE OUR TIDIES, PLUSH COVERS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO REST IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE OF WHAT WE ARE OFFERING IN BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. WE MAKE NO COMPROMISE WITH QUALITIES—THE BEST, AND THE BEST ONLY IN, ALL GRADES—SEE OUR NOVELITIES IN BOYS' OVERCOATS, CHINCHILLAS, ASTRAKANS, FUR BEAVERS, KERSEYS, FANCY SCOTCH TWEEDS, NATTY KILT OVERCOATS IN BRIGHT AND IN SOMBRE COLORS.

BLANKETS.—EARLY IN THE SEASON WHEN BUYING BLANKETS WE MADE EXTRA EFFORTS TO SECURE THE VERY BEST ALL-WOOL BLANKETS THAT COULD BE HAD. WE NOW CLAIM THAT WE HAVE AS GOOD WHITE, RED OR COLORED BLANKETS AS CAN BE MANUFACTURED FOR TRADE.

GLOVES AND MITTS—AS COMPLETE A STOCK AS IS SHOWN ANYWHERE. ENGLISH AND SCOTCH GLOVES, KID FUR-TOP AND PLAIN WOOL-LINED DOGSKIN, PLAIN BUTTON SPRING FUR-TOP; EVERYTHING. IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT WE NAME THE LOWEST PRICES ON GLOVES.

UNDERWEAR AT REDUCED PRICES. OUR ASSORTMENT IS LARGE, VARIED AND THOROUGHLY GOOD, AND INCLUDES DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED.

DRY GOODS—ENGLISH BROADCLOTHS, TWISTS, CAMEL'S HAIR, HOMESPUNS, HENRIETTA CLOTHS, FRENCH AND AMERICAN CASSIMERES. ALSO SOME BEAUTIFUL COMBINATION DRESS PATTERNS SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS; PRICES THE SAME AS EVERYTHING ELSE IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

WHITE GOODS—SUCH AS TOWELS, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TABLE COVERS, SHEETINGS, ETC., BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED, THEY ARE HERE, AND IN THE SAME QUANTITY AND QUALITY AS ALL OTHER GOODS OF WHICH THIS HOUSE IS NOTED FOR.

BOOTS AND SHOES WITH US ARE KEPT IN OUR STORE THAT FACES QUEEN STREET. THEY WILL SUIT LADIES WHO WISH SOMETHING VERY DURABLE, AND AT THE SAME TIME WANT A NEAT, DRESSY SHOE. THE STOCK IN THEM IS GENUINE, AND THEY ARE MADE ON HANDSOME FITTING LASTS. SCHOOL SHOES FOR BOYS. YOU KNOW WHAT SCHOOL SHOES MEAN, SHOES THAT WILL STAND KICKING, JUMPING AND SLIDING WITH, WITHOUT HAVING TO BE SENT TO THE COBBLERS IN A FEW WEEKS, AND THE PRICES AT WHICH OUR BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS ARE OFFERED MAKE THEM THE GREATEST BARGAINS IN THE CITY.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT—IN THIS DEPARTMENT WE SHOW AN EXTRA FINE ASSORTMENT OF LACE CURTAINS IN WHITE, CREAM AND ECRU-STRIPED SCRIM, AND MADRAS MUSLIN, SCOTCH GUIPURE CURTAINS, CURTAIN POLES, BRASS-TRIMMED GILT DRAPERY CHAINS, ETC.

LADIES' TOBOGGAN SUITS IN FANCY WOOLS, EVERY COLOR. CHILDREN'S TOBOGGAN SUITS FOR SCHOOL WEAR.

DRESS GOODS—WE WANT TO CLEAN UP RIGHT AWAY OUR ENTIRE LINE OF PATTERN DRESSES AND COMBINATION COSTUMES, AND ARE OFFERING THEM AT STARTLING PRICES. COME AND LOOK THEM OVER.

WE SELL ALMOST EVERYTHING.

WE TRY TO HAVE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT JUST THE GOODS WHICH THE PEOPLE WANT.

WE TREAT ALL PEOPLE JUST ALIKE, RICH OR POOR. WE KNOW NO DISTINCTION, AND SELL TO ALL AT JUST THE SAME PRICE.

WHEN WE HAVE ANYTHING SPECIALLY CHEAP TO SELL WE GENERALLY ADVISE THE PEOPLE THROUGH THE NEWSPAPERS, AND ALWAYS HAVE JUST WHAT WE ADVERTISE AT EXACTLY THE PRICE WE ADVERTISE IT.

T. EATON & CO.

190 Yonge St. 10 to 12½ Queen St. W.

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

MY FRIEND BELLAMY;

OR,

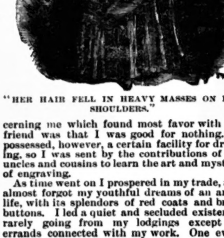
THE ENGRAVER AND THE COUNTERFEITER.

By W. G. WATERS.

CHAPTER I.

The family to which I belong would usually be called "decayed."

Before I was out of my teens I was brought face to face with the fact that any of this world's goods I might wish to enjoy I must earn for myself. A family concave was held to pronounce on my future, and the opinion con-



"HER HAIR FELL IN HEAVY MASSES ON HER SHOULDERS."

cerning me which found most favor with my friend was that I was good for nothing. I possessed, however, a certain facility for drawing, so I was sent by the contributions of my uncles and cousins to learn the art and mystery of engraving.

As time went on I prospered in my trade, and almost forgot my youthful dreams of an army life, with its splendors of red coats and brass buttons. I led a quiet and secluded existence, rarely going from my lodgings except on errands connected with my work. One evening, however, I was kept later than usual, and knew that I should lose the dinner prepared by my landlady. I determined to repair the prospective loss by dining elsewhere, and for this purpose entered a restaurant over whose portals loomed up the majestic title, "The Grand Circassian Cafe and Divan."

On entering I found few signs of the Oriental splendor which one might have expected from the name over the door. It was a long, dreary room, with a glass-and-bottle-laden counter at one end, behind which sat a young lady with a head of hair wrought in wondrous fashion. As I entered she glared at me in such forbidden wise that I believe I should have turned and gone dinnerless away, but for the advent of a little Italian waiter, who sniffed up to me and thrust into my hand the bill of fare. In answer to my first inquiries he informed me that I could have anything I liked; but, when I began to particularize, I found that everything I pitched upon was either "just off," or would take twenty minutes to prepare. Then many of the dishes in their foreign guise were profound mysteries to me, and I feared to make trial of their composition, so my French dinner finally resolved itself into a beefsteak and potatoes.

During my meal I sat absorbed over a volume of Defoe, which I had picked up at a bookstall on my way. I was almost undisturbed, for the Grand Circassian Cafe and Divan did not seem to be doing a roaring trade, at any rate on this particular evening. Several foreign gentlemen swaggered in and exchanged some phrases of elegant chaff with the young lady at the counter, who unbent to them most graciously, though they did no more for the benefit of the house on this particular visit than to help themselves to toothpicks. At a table in a corner two Frenchmen who had been dining were making a great noise over a game of dominoes, but I settled myself over my pipe and book and cup of coffee, and read on in spite of their clatter.

As the evening went on divers persons, evidently regular customers, came in, but I took little heed of them. At last on looking up I perceived that the table immediately in front of me was occupied by a venerable-looking old gentleman with a most benevolent expression of countenance and the handsomest white beard I ever saw.

His eyes met mine, and I divined at once that he was of a communicative nature, but I was so deeply absorbed in my reading that I felt indisposed to make any essay in conversation. I ordered another cup of coffee, but I had scarcely resettled myself when I was disturbed by a noise opposite, and, looking up, I saw the old gentleman struggling in vain to reach a match-box which stood at the remote end of his table. Then I noticed for the first time a pair of crutches standing beside him, and, judging that he was a cripple, I rose and placed the matches close to him.

The old man thanked me most courteously, and, from the tone in which he spoke, and the friendly look in his eyes, I could see that he was trying for a chat. There was something, too, in his manner and appearance which greatly took my fancy; and, potent as were the attractions of my book and pipe, I moved my coffee over to the adjoining table, and was soon in conversation with my new acquaintance.

He was, as I have before remarked, a particularly handsome man, and he was, besides, evidently a man of breeding and refinement. I never listened to a softer or more melodious-speaking voice than his was, and as he talked a kindly smile overspread his whole countenance. I found, too, that he was conversant with subjects such as one hardly expects to find within the range of frequenters of Circassian divans, and places of like character. He began with music; but here he found I soon began to flounder out of my depth, so he turned the conversation with perfect ease to painting. Just at that time the collection of a certain marquis were being sold by auction, and, to hear the old gentleman talk about them, one would have fancied that he must have seen them every day for the last twenty years. He compared the prices they were now fetching with those paid by the collector when they were purchased, and he grew particularly eloquent over some rare engravings by an early Dutch master which had been sold the day previous; and here I could meet him on equal terms, for I had a little time before picked up a damaged copy of one of this engraver's prints, and the topic had as much interest for me, as a worker, as for my companion, the amateur.

"Ah, I see you know something of engraving," he said, with a ring of eagerness in his voice. I blushed, and felt a little relieved that I had no longer to carry on a conversation in which I was so distinctly at a disadvantage as I replied.

"I am afraid I know next to nothing of the history of engraving. I have a fancy for these old Dutch and German workers, and always pick up any bit of theirs which I see going cheap. Engraving is my trade.

"Indeed. You have been taught the art, then? Would that my parents and guardians had done so much for me! I scratch a little myself, just as I do everything in a feeble amateurish fashion. You love your art, I am sure?"

"I am grateful to it," I replied, "since it gives me my bread, and I love it as I love art in all its phases. I never cared much about art until I became a poor man."

"So! Then my first impression of you was right. When I saw you take your book out of your pocket, I said to myself: 'That man is a gentleman, and has known better days.'"

"I hope at least the first part of your reflection is true," I replied with a laugh; 'as to better days, I think I am as well off now as ever I was."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Now in your proper person you are, according to your own confession, a proof of a pet theory of mine, one I can never get accepted by the Yahoos one met in general intercourse. How often does one hear the sneer obvious begarly dullards and the like, and how a certain man is poor because he is an artist. I, on the contrary, maintain that a man only becomes a true artist through poverty, because he has been driven by dire necessity to seek in art a consolation ten times more satisfying than any the modern millionaire can find in all his unlimited spending."

I did not quite accept the logic of my new friend, but he had at least hit my own case, and that was enough for me.

"I quite agree with you," I replied, assenting, "I myself began to find solace in art when I had no longer five-pound notes to spend on what I used to call pleasure. The uses of adversity to me have been sweet. Had it not come to me, I might very possibly have been dining with society people with no more appreciation of art than that waiter there."

The old gentleman looked at me rather steadily and seriously for a moment. I fancied he suspected I was quizzing him, but the sweet smile soon came back. "Ah! I see I have indeed found a disciple after my own heart," he said. "I know well all the temptations of youth, my dear young friend. I am a poor old cripple now, but there was a time when I was young myself. You rest content with art for a mistress. She will never betray you, never lead you into mischief as those other bright-eyed, white-armed charmers have a trick of doing."

I smiled assent to my companion's proposition, and, encouraged at this, he went off again at full speed, demonstrating to me how sure a shield of virtue was art; and what an easy task I should find it to keep all the Commandments if I went regularly to South Kensington, and made myself perfect both in the practice and literature of my art. I soon saw that the old man was a little mad, as all real enthusiasts generally are, but he was not the less entertaining on that account. I could not help, however, being more and more impressed that the Circassian Divan was rather a funny place wherein to meet a man who might have posed as a high priest of æstheticism, had æstheticism been invented in the days of which I am writing.

As if he divined what was passing in my mind, he broke in, "Ah, I see you are wondering why I come here to a sordid place like this. My friend, you do not know what the tedium of a dull room is, where every notion gives discomfort, if not pain. My coze here is my sole relaxation, for here I meet every night a few friends, men who can talk with me about the things that interest me. Old friends for the most part, but I hope I may reckon on having added to their number to-night."

I responded at once, and told him how delighted I was to have met him.

"And I shall hope to see some of your work," he went on. "I'm too much of a cripple to call on you, so you must bring it here."

I was rather taken back at this suggestion, for I did not much relish the idea of exhibiting, as samples of my art, debenture certificates for the Patagonian Grand Trunk Railway, or such like work.

"Bring anything," he said; "I can judge from a bill-heading or a tradesman's card, just as well as from the most complicated drapery or flesh-work, and if I do not find you too much my master, I may, perhaps, some day show you something of my own."

I left soon after this, for two or three men had come into the room during our conversation, and they all of them gave my companion a salute as they passed. I was unwilling to be in the way, now that the time for his evening chat had come. As I bade him good-bye he put in my hand a visiting card, upon which I read the words "Mr. Eugene Bellamy"; and I, on my part, promised to come back the next evening, and let him see some samples of my engraving.

I lived such a regular and uneventful life, I had so few friends, that the addition of a speaking acquaintance to their number was in itself an event; and I could but feel that the man I had met to-night was not an ordinary acquaintance. I thought much of him as I walked home through the thickening fog, and as I sat over my plate next day.

On the next day I gave over work an hour sooner than usual, and in addition to the collection of samples of my daily toil, got together in my head a supplementary selection of abstract question, and my own opinions thereanent, to be fired off, if opportunity should favor me, as soon as our exclusively art gossip should come to an end.

When I arrived at the Grand Circassian Cafe and Divan I found my sage already in his place, and I was, I confess, a little flattered at the anxiety he displayed to look at my work. Naturally thought most of the decorative examples, of the seaside views and the guide-books illustrations; but Mr. Bellamy, I observed, took little heed of these. They were pretty enough, he remarked, but his estimate of an engraver's merit would not be given for less showy samples which at the same time demanded far more care and attention, such work, for instance, as I had put into the plate from which the certificates of the Santa Ana Silver Mining Company had been struck off, or the first mortgage bonds of the San Juan del Picador Railway. That was the sort of work whereby to judge of a man's power over his tool; and from the praise he lavished on my scrolls and wavy ground work, and the impositing national emblems of the more impecunious Spanish-American States, I gathered that his estimate of my powers was a very favorable one.

We sat talking sometime, and were after a little joined by a tall, bearded man, one of those I had noticed on the previous evening, and to him my companion made me known as a valued young friend, he mentioned my name, the tall man's name, nor my own either. For this latter omission, however, there was good reason, seeing that he did not know it himself.

The tall man did not favor us long with his company. He spoke a few words in French to my companion and shook his head in a mournful manner, as if the world was not going well with him, and then he went off to join a group of others shabby and tristful as himself, who had congregated in another corner of the room. The old man shook his head as he glanced at the party. "I dare say you can guess what their game is," he whispered to me. "Patriotism! They have all hit upon a different plan of regeneration for their respective fatherlands, but they seem latterly to be all coming around to the belief that it will be necessary to massacre one-half of the world in order to save the other." My heart gave a leap of excitement at finding myself, if not a real conspirator, at least in the same room with some of the most blood-minded of the tribe. "And are they Communists or Nihilists, or anything of that kind?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know what they call themselves, but Nihilists wouldn't be a bad name for them, seeing that they are always going to do some thing which turns out to be nothing after all. "Are they French or Italian, or what?"

"Oh, some of all sorts. They're a funny set. Most of them would not have a penny in private life, and yet to hear them talk sometimes of the methods they propose to employ to set the world right is enough to make your hair stand on end.

"Do they come here every night?" I asked.

"There's a lot of coming and going in the movement. One day Luders, that's the man who spoke to us, is sent to Messina, and the next day a stranger arrives from Verviers. It seems to me as if the railways got more out of the movement than the suffering people, at any rate at present. They don't look very happy over it all, do they?"

"No, indeed, but men can't help looking worried when they know that the policeman may be wanting them any minute."

"No, that is so. Ah, well, there will always be restless spirits in the world, but what a pity it is, my young friend, that men cannot be content, as you and I are, with the consolations of art and philosophy, for you are a philosopher, I am sure, from what you were saying when our melancholy friend interrupted us. Well, some day we will have a talk about the Infinite, and the Eternal Energies, and the Inconceivable Realities, but just now I want to make a confession to you, and to ask your advice."

To ask my advice! This gray-haired man, who spoke familiarly of things I knew not even by name! Was it humble-mindedness on his part—I had often heard that the greatest men were most given that way—or was it real appreciation of some hitherto undiscovered merit of mine?

"I have in hand a literary work which will, I hope, leave some impression upon the sands of Time," he went on. "No mere ephemeral scribbling. It is a reprint, with notes, of a rare old translation of the poems of the Minnesingers. A good friend of mine, whom I hope you will know before long, has helped me with the notes and comments. It is to be printed in the most sumptuous fashion, with all the original engravings and initial letters, and it is about these latter that I want your advice, for they are my particular care."

I could, of course, only say that my advice, as far as it might be of any use, was very much at my companion's service.

"Ah," said Mr. Bellamy, with his most pleasant smile, "but I fear you will soon find out that I am one of those people who want the oil directly the inch is given, or even before. Before you give me your advice I am going to ask you for something else. I want the help of your delicate fingers. I have finished myself all the plates for the initial letters, save one, and this one, the most beautiful of them all, has completely baffled me. There is work in it which is, I must confess, quite beyond my power, and to you it would be child's play, and no more. I am quite certain on this point, after what you have shown me this evening."

"I'm afraid you rate my skill too highly," I replied.

"No, not at all. Have you any particular engagement on Wednesday evening? If not you might meet me here, and accompany me back to my rooms; and then we will have a chat after you have cast your eye over what I have done as an engraver myself."

I had nothing for that day Mr. Bellamy named, so I at once assented to his proposal. I was more thankful than ever to the lucky chance which had taken me into the Grand Circassian Cafe, and felt quite impatient for the time to come for my introduction to Mr. Bellamy's household.

I was early at the cafe, but still he was there before me. We sat over our coffee for nearly an hour, for one of the sombre conspirators insisted on telling us at great length how he had been overcharged ninepence after dining at a restaurant in St. Martin's Lane. I became a little impatient, and as soon as the story of the exile's wrongs came to an end I was glad that Mr. Bellamy made preparations for a move. I called a cab, Mr. Bellamy bade me get in first, and, having told the driver where to go (I did not catch the name of the street), we set forth.

After a journey of many turnings we drew up opposite to an archway in a narrow street, the name of which I failed to catch as the cab turned the corner.

We walked under the archway up the court, rather a lengthy one for London, till we arrived at an open triangular space, and, at a door "giving" upon this, my companion knocked.

The door was opened by a short, stout man, with bow legs and an enormous head, made yet bigger by the fell of dusty hair which hung about it. My companion turned into a room on the right hand, and, as I followed, I must confess that I was fairly astonished to see what manner of room it was.

The ceiling was low, and a richly ornamented cornice ran round the walls, which were almost entirely covered by book-cases. Heavy curtains fell over the window recess, and over the mantelpiece, which was of marble and handsomely carved, hung a fine engraving of Lo Spozalizio; and on either side of it stood a rather florid specimen of modern French bronze, which, with a massive oak table in the centre of the room, covered with books, and a reading lamp at one corner was arranged to serve for anyone sitting in a large easy chair, placed between it and the fire. There was a cosy, home-look about the room which would have been noticeable anywhere, and it seemed doubly so to me, coming as I did into the warmth and light out of the darkness and squalor of the miserable street without.

"You see I make myself tolerably comfortable, considering that I live in the slums," said Mr. Bellamy, as he stirred the fire, which sent a warm glow upon the hollow backs of the old books on the shelves, and the faded green of the curtains, which were, I now saw, old Genoa velvet. "When one is enclosed for life as I am, one takes pleasure in getting a few pretty things together. I've collected in almost every line, one time or other, and shall have a lot of curios to show you by-and-bye, but to-night we must confine ourselves to the Minnesingers and their initial letters. Ah, there they are. Just put that portfolio of prints on the table, will you?"

Mr. Bellamy unfastened the portfolio, and laid it upon the table. "Here are my treasures," he said, "but you must know I haven't got the original manuscript. My friend, to whom that belongs, is too much of a bibliomaniac and a man of the world to let it go out of his sight, and I must say I think he's quite right. I'd as soon trust a dowager with old Venetian rose-point as a collector of prints with the originals of them. I think I was very lucky to get him to allow me to have them photographed. This, and this, I have done," he added, as he turned over the photographs, which seemed to be reproductions of some Dürer-like illustrations. "These I could manage tolerably well, as I think you'll admit when you see my plates, but where is the puzzler, the one I want you to tackle? Ah, here it is." And as he spoke he drew out from the rest a draw-

"I LOOKED CLOSELY AT THE PICTURE SOME SECONDS BEFORE I ANSWERED."

ing, and asked me to place it on the mantelpiece for inspection.

My first glance at it told me that it was entirely different in character from anything I had yet looked at. It certainly could never have been the work of any contemporary of the artist whose drawings I had just turned over. It might have been done by some seventeenth century Italian, but it looked much more like the work of a living artist. It represented a woman, fair and stately, with a wreath in one hand and a spear in the other, seated on a rock, with the sea in the background. In the calm beauty of face and dignity of figure she was much more like the modern embodiment of the ideal Germania—such as has, of late, taken marble shape so plentifully in many a Platz and Garten of the Fatherland—than she was like to the amorphous matrons of the artist who had traced the first designs I had looked at. Mr. Bellamy at once saw that the contrast had struck me.

"Ah, that is quite a different thing, isn't it?" he cried, in rather an excited tone. "Now to me, and to every other artist with a grain of sense in his head, it is as plain as a pike-staff that the whole of that sheet on which that drawing stands is an insertion put in, most likely, to replace the one which contained the finest drawing of the lot. I told my friend so one day, but Lord! I thought he would have bitten my head off. He didn't like to think there could be a flaw in the gem of his collection."

"That is rather a common weakness in collectors," I replied, "but, if you are sure that this sheet is a forgery, why do you include it in your reproductions? It certainly is quite out of harmony with the earlier work."

"Well, perhaps it is, but I mustn't be too particular on that score, and I have set my heart on producing an exact fac simile," said the old gentleman, with a benevolent smile. "But what do you think of the thing as a bit of engraving? I maintain it would not have disgraced any period, and that, for a modern work, it is very good indeed."

"You are right," I answered. "Whatever it is, it is the work of a true artist. There is a little stiffness about it, such as one sees in David and his followers, but it is probably much older than that."

"Perhaps. Who shall say? But now I want to tell you a fancy of mine, and to ask you whether you think I have any groundwork for it. I can never get rid of the idea that somebody else has borrowed that face and form and reproduced them in the present day. Have you never seen anything that recalls that figure to you—something quite commonplace and ordinary? You understand me."

I looked closely at the picture some seconds before I answered. "No, I cannot say it does. What a magnificent photograph it is—every line as sharp as ever it can be in the paint."

"Yes; it was not done in England. You could not get such a negative as that in a London atmosphere. Now, do you think you could engrave it for me, on a very much reduced scale, to fill up the oval of a capital D, as it does in the original? Could you make a reduction of it no bigger than this?" And, as he spoke, he showed me an oval about two inches in height and one in breadth.

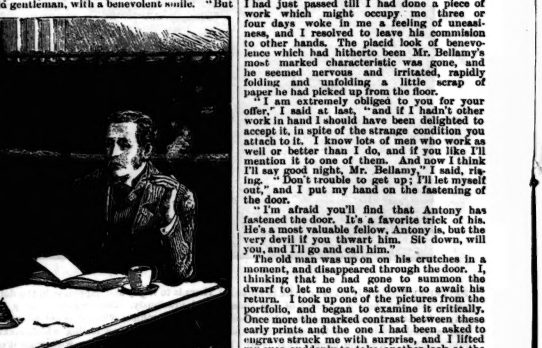
"I never undertook a job of the kind before," I replied, "but I have no doubt I could manage it—that is, if you will permit one or two failures at first."

"One or two!—a dozen if you like," said Mr. Bellamy, laying his hand on my shoulder in a benevolent, fatherly sort of way. "You will succeed in the end, my friend—I am quite sure of that. So you undertake the job without saying anything about the pay? That would mark you as a true artist, if nothing else did, my dear boy; but you won't get rich like that," he added, with his sweetest smile.

"Oh, you shall give me whatever you think it may be worth. I'll take the photograph back with me to-night, and I'll promise you something to look at by the day after to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

The smile gathered more intensely than ever around the corners of the old man's mouth, and a queer twinkle shone in his eyes as he answered.



"AH, I SEE YOU KNOW SOMETHING OF ENGRAVING."

"Now I am going to ask you to humor an old man's fancy. Though it is rather a strange one, I don't believe I shall ask in vain, for I am likely enough to be one of the best-tempered young fellows in the world." And how Mr. Bellamy hesitated, as if diffident whether he might impose on my kindness of heart! "Well, it is just this. I should as soon think of cutting my own throat as of allowing that photograph to leave this house, and if you knew the trouble I had to get it you would understand me; and then I have a fancy that you should begin your task at once, and work away at it here in this house until it is finished." And as he spoke the old man gazed at me intently, with something of apprehension, I thought, in his look lest he might have affronted me by what certainly was a very strange proposition.

I sat silently for a few moments. The old man's eyes grew more anxious than ever, and a wild gleam seemed to flash over them. "Oh, I see," he cried, "you are thinking about the terms. How stupid of me to forget! I will give you fifty pounds for a satisfactory plate, but it must be faultless, mind, and you shall live here as well as ever you lived in your life. We can make our friends pretty comfortable when we have finished our labors."

I turned round quickly from looking at the picture, and saw that the bow-legged dwarf was in the room, standing close to the old man's elbow. He said nothing in answer to his master's remark, but jerked his head interrogatively towards the corner beyond the fireplace. The old man nodded, and the dwarf at once shuffled off and, opening a door I had not before noticed, vanished into what I took to be an adjoining room.

Something in the old man's manner as he spoke the last recorded words, the sudden presence of the dwarf and the extraordinary request that I should not recross the threshold I had just passed till I had done a piece of work which might occupy me three or four days woke in me a feeling of uneasiness, and I resolved to leave his commission to other hands. The placid look of benevolence which had hitherto been Mr. Bellamy's most marked characteristic was gone, and he seemed nervous and irritated, rapidly folding and unfolding a little scrap of paper he had picked up from the floor.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your offer," I said at last, "and if I hadn't other work in hand I should have been delighted to accept it, in spite of the strange condition you attach to it. I know lots of men who work as well or better than I do, and if you like I'll mention it to one of them. And now I think I'll say good night, Mr. Bellamy," I said, rising. "Don't trouble to get up; I'll let myself out," and I put my hand on the fastening of the door.

"I'm afraid you'll find that Antony has fastened the door. It's a favorite trick of his. He's a most valuable fellow, Antony is, but the very devil if you thwart him. Sit down, will you, and I'll go and call him."

The old man was up on on his crutches in a moment, and disappeared through the door. I, thinking that he had gone to summon the dwarf to let me out, sat down to await his return. I took up one of the pictures from the portfolio, and began to examine it critically. Once more the marked contrast between these early prints and the one I had been asked to engrave struck me with surprise, and I lifted my eyes suddenly to take another look at the beautiful drawing which had been left standing on the mantel-shelf.

But, before my eyes reached it, they were arrested by another object, one much more attractive than the most lovely pictured presentment of a woman could ever be, one the like of which I certainly never expected to find in this strange dwelling-place. By the corner of the table, just within the circle of light cast by the reading-lamp, stood a tall, slight girl, with fair, smooth face and well-

formed, regular features. Though the one magic touch which is needed to give a sense of absolute beauty has been withheld, her's was a face which would have lingered long in the memory, even after meeting her in the crowded street; and naturally the impression was far more vivid to me, looking up suddenly in the dusky silence and solitude, and seeing a figure that might just have stepped out of one of Legros' canvases. She was dressed in a plain black gown, and her hair, laid only with a single ribbon, fell in heavy masses on her neck and shoulders. Her eyes were large and dreamy, filled with a look in which wonder and shyness, and ever so slight a shade of pity, were strangely blent. I saw at once that she had come to speak to me, so I rose and bowed, keeping silence as I did so.

"You have seen my father, sir, and he has been talking to you about some engraving work, has he not?" she said, in slow, hesitating speech.

"Yes," I replied, "Mr. Bellamy has very kindly offered most generous terms for a bit of work, but unfortunately has coupled his offer with conditions which I find it rather awkward to agree to."

"Oh! and so you cannot help him!" And as she spoke a cloud as of disappointment passed over her face, and her eyes wandered uneasily round the room.

"I fear not. Your father, I think, is gone to see after your servant, who has fastened the door. But perhaps you can show me out this way." And as I spoke I made a motion towards the door. The girl stood between me and the door, and she did not move to let me pass. She even made a slight gesture, as if she would keep me back.

"I hope you will not go away without doing what my father asks you, sir," she said. "He has strange ideas on some subjects, as I daresay you may have noticed, but if he could only get this book finished he might be better. He thinks of nothing day or night but this book of his. Oh, I shall be so glad when he has done with it!"

"But I thought it seemed to be a great pleasure to him, and it certainly is a charming work in itself," I replied.

"To some men it might be, perhaps, but tell me, sir," she said, coming nearer to me, and casting an anxious glance towards the door of the inner room, "do not people go mad, sometimes, when they keep their thoughts bent on one subject and nothing else? I often fear he will. If that one picture were engraved the book could be printed, and then he could think of something else."

"But there are hundreds of men who could do it for him, just as well as I could."

"Ah, but he had made up his mind that you are the man to do it, and he would never be satisfied with another engraver's work. He came home from the cafe a few nights ago in such good spirits, and said he had found the man he had been looking for these last six months; and he has just told me your work is the finest he has ever seen."

"If I were to undertake it I'm afraid I should spoil plate after plate just to make the job hold out," I said. I felt there was the slightest spice of gallantry in these last words of mine; and a moment after, when I looked up in the girl's face, it occurred to me that the pay was good—extravagantly good—and the work interesting, that there was a touch of romance about the whole business, and that, by humoring the old man's fancy, I should be doing a kind action by easing the girl's mind of a burden, the existence of which she had revealed to me by her anxious words. She said nothing, however, nor did she confess by the slightest blush that my words of flattery had touched her. She only raised her eyes wistfully to mine, and played nervously with a bit of string that she held in her fingers.

"Can you tell me," I said, "what reason your father has for not letting anyone take that picture away, and why he wants the man who may attempt the work to remain here till it is finished?"

"No, I cannot, at least I cannot tell you why he would want you to stay here all the time you were doing the engraving. As to that picture, he very rarely lets it go out of his sight, and if he did allow you to take it away with you, I am sure he would be in an agony of fear till you brought it back. And oh! sir, it would be terrible to me if I should be worried afresh about anything. As it is I am almost driven wild sometimes by his strange anxiety. I cannot think why he is so much more particular about that plate than any of the others. He has engraved it over and over again, but has always destroyed it."

As the girl was speaking I could hear the old man's voice in the adjacent room. There was another voice—a vulgar-sounding, croaking one—which I assigned to the ugly dwarf, and, after a little, I became conscious of a third, soft and melodious, speaking in a much lower key than the others, but still much more distinct. The girl glanced anxiously over her shoulder as the sound of voices fell upon her ear. "He will never do it to his liking, I am sure, and the book will craze him. He says no one could do it justice but you. Do try it. As to your staying here, consider that it is only an old man's whim. There is a nice bedroom beyond the studio, and I will see that you want for nothing."

Nothing could have been more artless and sincere than the girl's speech and manner, but, whether it was the simplest nature or the most perfect art, it effected its purpose. I was just about to answer, with more warmth, perhaps, than the occasion demanded, that I would do anything that she might ask me to do, when a tall, dark, Italian-looking man entered the room by the door in the corner. His flashing eyes fell first on my companion, but in a moment shifted over to me. He bowed to me with all the grace and deference of a gentleman, and at once began to speak.

"My good old friend tells me he hopes that he has at last found the hand which can put the final touch to the *opus magnum*. He is a little upset just now, for he fears that he may have offended you. So I am come to add my prayers to those of his dear daughter that you will accede to his request. As to your sleeping here all the time, that, of course, is all nonsense to us, but it is something very real to him. If you were to go away leaving the picture half done he would work himself up into a fever that you would not come back."

"You are a friend of Mr. Bellamy's, no doubt?" I replied.

"Yes, and I am also his medical man. I have attended him ever since he was paralyzed and lost the use of his legs. I am his friend, yes, and I hope ere long to be something more;" and as he spoke he cast a tender and languishing glance towards the young girl, but she neither smiled nor blushed, nor gave any other of those outward manifestations which girls in love are wont to give when such words are uttered by their lovers.

"Ah, I see," I replied, "and you think the worry he feels about this book is hurtful to him?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the doctor. "He is, as you must have observed, a man of great reading, and his sedentary habits have certainly injured his health. But there is no hope of getting him to move till this book is out. Then, perhaps, we may induce him to go abroad for a time. Of course we have not the shadow of a claim upon you, but I ask you of your kindness to grant this request. If the offer he has made does not seem to you liberal enough, he will be quite ready to increase it."

"Oh, the money is ample, and pray assure your friend I am not in the least offended. Of course I was taken a little aback at his request, for it was, as you yourself say, rather a strange one."

"Yes, I quite understand. And so from what you so kindly say I gather that I may assure him of your assent. I thank you most sincerely on behalf of us all. Perhaps you would like to make a beginning to-night. I think everything is ready in the studio except the subject," he said, smiling as he glanced at the photograph on the mantelpiece. "A lovely face, is it not? I expect you will be fascinated with it yourself before your work is done."

I said nothing in contradiction of the doctor's assumption. As I looked at the girl who had passed behind me, and was now standing near the window, I caught a soft look of thankfulness in her eyes. Even without this, I doubt whether I should have kept up any longer my show of opposition. There was at least an element of romance in the affair, and romance is not a plentiful product in these matter-of-fact days we live in; and the fascination of the girl's dreamy eyes, her strange surroundings, the look of gratitude she had vouchsafed to me, and last, the apathy or distaste with which she had received the advances of the doctor, all helped to compel my consent. The fifty pounds, too, I will confess, had its weight. I did not earn fifty pounds every week, or every month either. "Would you be good enough to follow me," said the doctor, and see whether you find everything to your liking?" And as he spoke he led the way through the door by which he had entered. I followed, and found myself in a long room rather narrower than the one I had just left, but furnished much in the same fashion. There was a bright fire burning in the hearth, and the window, like the one in the other room, was covered by heavy dark curtains. The room altogether had a warm and cosy air. There were several carved oak chairs and a handsome cabinet standing against the wall, and in one corner was the most beautiful old Dutch eight-day clock I ever saw. The face was of brass, covered with a delicately-worked design in white metal, and the case was of black lacquer, adorned with a lot of quaint figures in high gilded relief. It had a cheerful melodious tick, and the tone of the bell as it struck the hour was music itself. In the center of the room was a table covered with engravers' tools and a fresh plate, and a shaded lamp, all ready for work. This, then, was evidently my workshop, and as I looked around it I told myself that, as far as lodging, at any rate, I should have nothing to complain of.

"There is a bed room through here," said the doctor, opening a door at the far end, "and I have no doubt you will find all you may want. Nathalie, dear," he said, addressing the girl who had followed us, "will you tell your father that Mr. — I beg your pardon, I have not yet learnt you name—aha! Mr. Costello, is ready to begin, but stay—just get the photograph out of the next room first."

The girl brought the design, and placed it on an easel under the light, and then left the room by a door leading apparently to the passage outside. In less than a minute I heard the sound of the old man's crutches coming along the passage, and he entered the room.

"I am quite ashamed to get up in the face," he said, with all his original composure restored, "quite ashamed to plead guilty to such an absurd whim, but a fine young fellow like you can afford to humor an old man, just as my good friend Dr. Fabricius does. Nathalie, my child, tell Antonio to get some supper for Mr. Costello. He must keep up his strength. A fowl and a bottle of red wine. Will that suit you?"

I made no amendment to this hospitable proposition, for I was hungry enough to have enjoyed a meal of bread and cheese. "I see," he went on, "you have the design already, and here is the size; fix it here, just at the corner of the plate; and now I will leave you and go to bed, and if you are wise you will not sit up later than half-past twelve. Good-night." And with this he left the room, the same benevolent-looking old gentleman he was when I first met him.

The supper was brought. I soon demolished the fowl, and made a good hole in the bottle of wine which accompanied it; and just as I was about to begin my task, Dr. Fabricius entered the room.

"He is quite a new man since the matter has been arranged. I waited until he was settled. You will add years to his life by your kindness, Mr. Costello."

Dr. Fabricius spoke with that melodious "coo" which Italians never lose, even in the longest sojourn amongst northern gutturals and sibilants, and his manner was politeness itself, but I somehow felt an instinctive dislike and distrust of him. From the first moment I set eyes upon him I seemed to resent the freedom with which he took upon himself the management of the harmless old bibliomaniac and his daughter—of his daughter especially, the prudent reader will say, no doubt. Well, it might have been jealousy, or it might have been something I cannot define. Anyhow, the result was the same. Dr. Fabricius became to me as obnoxious as Dr. Fell became to the young lady of the well-worn rhyme.

"I said I do hear that," I replied. "It is the first time I ever heard of an engraver being called in to help the doctor."

"Ah! but we physicians are not like you. We do not work under a brilliant lamp. The best of us are only groping in the dark, and often for no reward. Now you, Mr. Costello, will always have the consoling consciousness of a good action performed. You are an unselfish man, I am sure, and I am delighted to have met you. Would there were more of your sort in the world."

The man's flattery made me dislike him all the more. "You don't know me as well as I know myself, Dr. Fabricius, or you would not talk in that strain."

"You mean that you look for some recompense in all you do. And pray, who does know? Show me the man who professes perfect unselfishness, and I will show you a knave. 'Virtue is its own reward.' Bah! If that were so virtue would soon be as scarce as truffles are getting. But I must not take up your time with my chatter any longer. See, here is some coffee by the fire, in case you should want any. Good night; and, if you require anything else, Antony will be sleeping on a couch in the front room."

Then Dr. Fabricius left me, and very glad I was to be relieved of his presence. When once I was alone with my work I began to realize fully how strange the situation was, much more like an Arabian night than an English one. Before settling finally I looked into the front room, and there, sure enough, was the dwarf sound asleep on a couch. I tried the lock of the door by which I had originally come in, and found it still fastened, as was also the one in the studio by which the doctor had gone out. My bedroom was a small recess, with no exit save the door leading to it from the studio. There was a window, but that was high over the bed, and guarded by stout bars. I was evidently a temporary prisoner, but I felt no fear as to my personal safety, since I had spoken to the girl, and had learned from her, and from Dr. Fabricius as well, the reason of their anxiety to gratify the old man's fancy. I sat down at the table, and was soon hard at work.

"I TRIED THE LOCK OF THE DOOR BY WHICH I HAD ORIGINALLY COME IN."

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

Told in the Twilight.

Told in the twilight that closes day's glories,
Under the shadowy leaves in the grove,
Told in the twilight that sweetest of stories
Man ever told—the sweet story of love!

Ah, we may envy the lovers glad-hearted,
Full of their joy in the secret confess'd;
Roses that died in the sun just departed
Now bloom again in their cheeks closely press'd.

All the wondrous future bright-gleaming before them,
Lighting their pathway, they know not a fear;
Thro' the gray twilight, joy rays streaming o'er them,
Told is the story none other may hear.

Life is but twilight of joy and of sadness,
Mingled together the worst and the best;
Love, looking forward, sees nothing but gladness;
Time can alone answer who are the blest.

Let us, with you a fair future divining,
Hope that but joy may around you enfold,
So that, at last, when life's sun is declining,
Ne'er you'll regret love's sweet story was told!

Shakespeare's Writings.

"A notice which I saw the other day that Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are about publishing a fac-simile edition of Shakespeare, reminds me of how Edwin Forrest bought his 1623 copy of Shakespeare," said a gentleman to a reporter. "I was connected with the auction house of M. Thomass & Sons', in Philadelphia, for a number of yearf, and Forest used to come in the store a great deal and patronize the book sales. He seldom did any bidding himself, but used to tell Mr. Jennings, of the firm and a lifelong friend of the actor's, to buy certain books for him. He never left any limit to his bids, but always said simply, 'buy them.' If the auctioneer thought a book was bringing much more than its value, and in Mr. Forest's interest to let it go, the big actor would storm and rave the next time he came in, and declare that he would never buy another boook in the place if his orders were not carried out to the letter.

"But what I started to tell you was about the famous old 1623 edition of Shakespeare. You know there are only a few copies in the world, and they are of great value, of course. Well, we had a copy for sale one day and it was so well advertised, not only in this country but elsewhere, that agents from libraries in England and other countries crossed the ocean especially to buy it. The day before the sale Forest walked into the store and said to Mr. Jennings:

"'I want that Shakespeare. Buy it.'

"'How high will you go?' asked Mr. Jennings.

"'How high? I don't know and I don't care. Buy it. I want it.'

"'Then Forrest stalked out without another word. The next day when the big folio was put up for sale there was some little bidding. The starting price was $100 by an Englishman, and it was not long before it reached $700.

"'Seven hundred and fifty dollars!' at last shouted the Englishman who had started the book at $100.

"'And eight hundred I have already,' said the auctioneer with a smile.

"'Who did you get the bid from? I don't see any one else bidding now,' said the Englishman.

"'A gentleman left the bid with me.'

"'Who was it?'

"'Ned Forrest.'

"That settles it,' said the bidder. 'If Forrest wants that book there is no use bidding against him. He'd give $50,000 for it rather than not get it. I'm through bidding.'

"The auctioneer tried to get another bid, but without success, and at last the hammer fell and the Shakespeare belonged to Forrest. The actor was delighted the next day with his prize. He took it to his mansion on North Broad street and had a glass case made for it. It was placed in this case open at the title page and no one was allowed to touch it. Forrest had a fac-simile copy which he read. He gave orders that if ever his house should get on fire the 1623 Shakespeare was to be the first thing saved. He had a magnificent Shakespearean library, but the big folio he considered was worth more than all the rest put together. A curious thing happened after Forrest died. A defective flue caused a little fire in his library, and about the only thing of value that was burned was that very 1623 edition that he prized so highly."

Two Bells.

A band of Orient travelers, who sought
Some trophy of their wanderings to tell.
Forth from a crumbling Indian temple brought,
And sneaked from sight, a curious bronzed bell.

Silent and dark upon the deck it stood,
Nor could their eyes the strange inscription read,
Traced long ago, in praise of sovereign Boodh—
Great teacher of the way of blameless deed.

And while the east wind filled the flowing sail,
And like a home-bound bird their vessel flew,
Dumb from the gloom of centuries cold and pale,
The relic of the Old drew near the New.

Anchored at last within the port of home,
Their light spars touched with sunset-radiance fair—
A mellow peal from near cathedral dome.
Rang in their ears its vesper call to prayer.

But hark! What sudden marvel there befell?
How swelled the tone to memory so dear?
Some strange, sweet tumult stirred the Indian bell
And all its vibrant music answered clear!

Ah, souls of men! Whate'er be creed or clime,
Still, like the bells, ye thrill in unison;
Sundered, as star from star, by space or time,
One is your cry—the waiting ear is one!

They Never Stop.

It is this kind of a wife that makes some men old and gray before their time.

"William," she says, after William is curled snugly up under the blankets for the night, "did you lock the front door?"

"Yes," says William, briefly.

"You're sure you did?"

"Yes, sure."

"And you slipped the bolt, too?"

"Yes."

"You know you forgot it once, and it gave me such a turn when I found it out in the morning. I didn't get over it for a week. We haven't much anybody'd want to steal, I know, but I don't want the little we have taken, for I—"

"I tell you I attended to the doors."

"Well, I hope so, for goodness sake. You attended to the basement door?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Because, if you hadn't, you or I, one or the other, would have to get up and attend to it now. I read to-day of——"

"I don't care what you read."

"It is said that a man down on B—— street forgot to——"

"I don't care if he did."

"And in the middle of the night a burglar walked right in and——"

"I don't believe it."

"I've a notion to get up and see if you have locked the door. I'm're sure?"

"How many times have I got to tell you that I did lock it?"

"Well, you thought you'd locked it that time when you left it unlocked."

"Will you be quiet?"

"I don't care, William, you know yourself how careless you are, and——"

"See here, Mary Jane, this has got to end right here."

But it doesn't end there, and it doesn't end for an hour; and William arises in the morning with the lines on his brow a little deeper, and the hopeless, desperate look still in his face.—*Tid-Bits.*

Brought to Time.

They had been engaged only fifteen years, but it seemed a long time to her, and she was growing restless.

"Darling," she said, in gentlest accents, "our betrothal has been very sweet, has it not?"

"It has, it has, indeed, my own."

"But it has been very long, don't you think?"

"Yes, it has been pretty middlin' long," he rejoined.

"I was thinking dearest," she continued, playing with his watch-chain, and casting down her eyes, "that our betrothal is nearly old enough to go out and work for its living. Could we have it learn a trade, or get it a clerkship or put it out at interest, or do something with it so that we may realize something on it? It has been hanging about home so long, burning gas and keeping us up, that it is nearly full grown. It seems like a shame to have it doing nothing so long."

"But, my love—"

"And just think," she interrupted, "in six years more it will have a vote. I don't care so much about myself (raising her eyes) but pa and ma are kicking like a steer. What would you suggest?"

"We might get married."

"That's no. I never thought of that."

They are going to marry Christmas.

Monetary.

Clarksby—Good morning Mrs. Gadby. Shopping, I see?

Mrs. Gadby—Yes; I've been picking up a few little things for Christmas.

C.—I haven't seen Mr. Gadby "on change" lately.

Mrs. G., (laconically)—I have!

He Didn't Borrow Trouble.

Tramp—Please, sir, could you help me with a trifle? I am out of work, and——

Citizen—Oh, cheer up. You shouldn't borrow trouble.

T.—I don't, sir; but I'd like to borrow a dime to drown it in.

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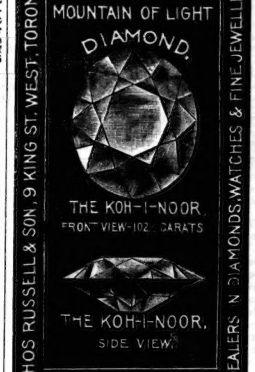

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD. - - Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I.] TORONTO, DEC. 31, 1887. [No 5.

Party Organs.

The starting of the new Conservative organ, *The Empire*, suggests a few ideas with regard to political organs and organists.

To the newspaper man more than to the public the trammels of party harness appear to be a most disagreeable thing. The earnest and credulous partisan picks up his paper every morning and reads with considerable gusto the tirades against the opposite party and the praises of the organization to which he belongs. It pleases him to see public questions discussed in the same tone and temper he would use himself, and the inevitable conclusion that his party is entirely right and the other one hideously wrong gives him an appetite for his breakfast. Somehow it makes him feel content with himself, and he accepts the sayings of his party organ as a confirmation of his own opinion and a certificate of his good judgment.

The average man desires someone else to do his thinking, not only in politics but in religion, and woe unto him who has been doing his thinking, if in some fit of ill-temper or remorse he does violence to the opinions of his client; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the reader who has been following the party writer will imagine the organ has either been bought over by the enemy or has gone out of its mind. It is accepted as a lack of discernment and absence of honesty by every good party man when his paper finally takes it into his head to tell the truth and give a conscientious opinion opposed to its previous policy.

Every employe of a strictly party organ should be a rabid partisan, otherwise he may unconsciously betray his trust by telling truth, damaging to his employers.

The position of a writer on a hide-bound organ is not an enviable one. On an independent paper the function of the journalist is to weigh the evidence and declare what is right. It is not an easy task to be continually judging between specious error and clouded truth, and at the best the most just man finds it hard to decide what attitude he should take on current questions.

The task of the partisan editor is still more difficult, because he must be eternally weighing not what is right but what is expedient. It is his function to say that which is best suited to the party's interests, no matter whether it is right or wrong. It is his business to declare what the party desires the public to believe, and it is frequently a task of great magnitude to find an excuse for wrong-doing, or to palliate transgressions which are capable of no defence.

Even the funny man on the party organ must be careful, and weigh his jokes in the political balance. He must not laugh at the eccentricities of the colored man, or next day a politician with a big dusky vote in his constituency will climb the stairs to tell him he has ruined his chances of re-election.

The stock joke about the Irish must be omitted for fear of offending the Hibernian vote. Jokes at the expense of the Dutchman or funny things about the Scotchman must be left out of the columns, or they will be quoted by the enemy as the opinion of the party, and made to do duty in driving the Dutchman and the Scot into the camp of the enemy. The idiosyncracies of the French-Canadian cannot be made into a paragraph, for are there not a million and a half of them, and their vote must be nursed and most watchfully tended.

The city editor must take care when a prominent member of his party gets drunk and is corralled by the police that no mention of it shall be made in the record of arrests or the trial at the police court, otherwise the aforesaid prominent politician will believe himself to be insulted by the entire party which the orvan represents, and will at once find some conscientious reason for casting in his lot with the other fellows.

The market reporter must be careful not to call attention to anything that will injure the National Policy, or afford opportunity to the friends of free trade to make invidious comparisons. The telegraph editor must cut out everything that reflects on his party, and see that nothing is cabled from England to the readers of the paper out of harmony with the policy of the chief. Railway accidents on lines supporting the Government, collisions between steamboats owned by friends of the party, litigation in which influential friends are concerned, must all be suppressed—not in the interest of the public, but to preserve intact the beloved party.

This sort of journalism is dying out, because every day it becomes more difficult, and the people refuse to be spoon-fed by nurses who are afraid to let them know the truth.

Another reason for the decadence of party organship is the violent dislike of intellectual and fair-minded newspaper men to a continual suppression of their best instincts and most able utterances. They know what pleases the people and what brings fame to the writer, and on the party organ they have an opportunity for neither. Every good thing that is said by the organ is at once accepted as having been dictated by the chief, every error they make has to be swallowed in public as a mistake of their own.

Is there any reason why organs should exist, and why it should require special pleading and the artifices of the conscienceless advocate to hold a party together? The people are not fools, and if they are given the truth they are capable of judging for themselves. Independent journalism in Canada has made such rapid advances and newspapers are so cheap that the majority of people are now able to subscribe for independent journals and for the organs of both parties, and a vast number of them do so in order to find just where the truth is.

With the increasing difficulties of organship, and its decreasing influence, every day it becomes less inviting to men of talent, honesty, and industry, and God speed the day when truth, justice and the welfare of the people will be the only guides of the journalist who has assumed the great responsibility of creating public opinion and directing the action of a free and self-respecting people.

The Difference.

There is a vast difference between SATURDAY NIGHT and the other weekly papers of the country. SATURDAY NIGHT is essentially a paper of to-day. Its news matter is crisp, clean, original and sparkling. Its comments on current topics are snappy and independent. It is a journal with new ideas that it is not afraid to advocate. Its methods are original, and its manner unique.

On Saturdays scarcely any other paper is read. In the street cars and on the curb-stone men buy and read it. In every household it is a favorite guest. Every lady in Toronto takes it, and outside of Toronto the ladies all read it.

The ordinary weekly goes into the home circle through the mails. Before it is opened the dust gets an inch thick on the wrapper, and spiders spin webs about it. SATURDAY NIGHT cannot be read too quickly. It is gobbled up like a five-minutes-for-refreshments meal at a railroad station. But it contains departments as well that call for careful perusal, and which are read and inspected all through the week.

Ordinarily weekly papers are issued weekly because it is cheaper to get them out that way, but this does not apply to SATURDAY NIGHT. There is no daily or weekly paper in Toronto that costs half as much to produce as does this journal. No such paper was ever sold before for five cents, in this or any other country. Only its immense circulation makes its existence possible.

Shrewd advertisers will make a note of all this. For current announcement SATURDAY NIGHT is an unsurpassed medium, and as a channel for permanent advertising it has no equal on the continent.

Newspaper Humor.

Within a very short time there has been a marked effort on the part of newspaper reporters to introduce, what is technically termed "funny stuff" in the matter they grind out for their papers, day after day, very much as a steam organette grinds out doleful melody. We find regular periods of this sort of thing in the daily press. It is worked in on all possible occasions. It is slyly introduced in accounts of weddings, funerals and other events of a somewhat similar nature, and again it is brought forth boldly and violently to liven up the dull and decorous proceedings of the ordinary police court.

Newspaper reporters cannot or, at any rate, are not, all born humorists. There are many of them gifted with a rare fund of unconscious humor, a gift rather apt to prove unfortunate for the papers on which they are employed. Those of them, however, who strive for humorous effects generally end up by making a sad bungle of it. The effort to produce "the fun" itself is strained, superficial and unreal. And there is nothing in this wide world more sorrowful than the funny stuff that comes with an effort. It should flow as freely as blood from a nose hit by Sullivan.

Humor to be real must be natural. It may be grotesque, though grotesqueness is not at all a desirable literary attribute, but it must be a part of real life. Such sketches as Burdette's account of The Boy Whose Mother Cut His Hair are so racy of the American soil, and of what actually exists in every poor household, that they live in the heart and memory for years. The true humorist never offends. He handles the tender spots with a touch as gentle as a woman's, and with a depth of feeling that may woo to pity or to tears. And with the next line the tears are gone, but the memory lasts.

It is an unfortunate thing that the ordinary newspaper "humorist" fails in this respect. He tries so hard to be funny that he crushes mirth, and makes Jordan a harder road to travel.

At Last.

Once upon a time a bright-faced, eager boy came out of a handsome College-street home and halted his leisurely steps where College street and Spadina avenue linger in a loving embrace. Golden curls clustered about his brow; his glad, blue eyes danced in boyish merriment, and his step was the lithe, springy, vigorous step of youth.

He stood on the corner.

The seasons came and went; the birds sang awhile then packed their trunks and flew to other climes; the trees budded, bloomed and anon shed their summer clothes, while keen winds split the turgid atmosphere, and snowflakes fluttered down.

Still he stood on the corner.

His back bent beneath the weight of advancing years; his eyes lost their lustre; a hint of silver stole into his curling hair, and the seams and wrinkles of cruel time scarred the pale and patient face, once bright with the sparkling blush of youth.

Still he stood on the corner.

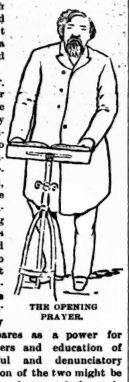
Anon his frame lost its old-time vigor. He grew decrepit and feeble. The snows of many years covered his reverend head, and hung from his withered cheeks. The chill winds blew around his attenuated form and through the tattered garments that hung loosely about him.

Presently a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle rang through the frosty air. The old man raised his head and listened. A smile crossed his face. "At last," he said simply, "A car! At last."

He took a step forward and fell lifeless on the ground. The excitement had proved too much for him. And the next instant a Spadina to Bloor car drew slowly and methodically around the Knox College crescent.

Rev. Dr. Thomas.

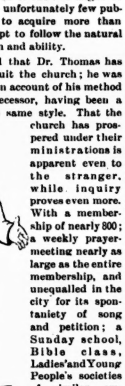
Jarvis Street Baptist church, last Sunday morning, contained a smaller congregation than usual. I attended in the morning because it was Christmas, and for the reason that Dr. Thomas' church is essentially a congregation of Baptists who have their membership there. The membership is large and well-to-do, and the church is handsome, modern and out of debt. It was Senator McMaster's place of worship, and the millionaire did considerable to make it prosperous and fashionable. Rev. Dr. Thomas has made it popular, and I doubt if there are many pastors in Toronto who are so loved and respected by their parishioners as he is. I have been careful to study these things before writing anything about him, for the pulpit critic, sitting as a stranger in Dr. Thomas' church, would perchance be unfavorably inclined by the sermon he might chance to hear, though he could not but be impressed by the devotional attitude of the congregation and the religious atmosphere which seems to mark, beyond others, the Jarvis Street Baptist church as a place of praise and worship.



THE OPENING PRAYER.

I do not mean that Dr. Thomas preaches poor sermons or that the congregation is specially pious, but that no audience can continue to listen to the Doctor without becoming reverential and devotional, at least while they are under the direct influence of his charming voice, beautiful periods and exceedingly broad and loving spirit. To discuss the permanent effects of his preaching would be to take up the whole question of how piously gentle teaching compares as a power for the salvation of sinners and education of believers with forceful and denunciatory methods. A combination of the two might be better than either, but unfortunately few public speakers are able to acquire more than one method, and are apt to follow the natural bent of their disposition and ability.

Nor can it be urged that Dr. Thomas has chosen his method to suit the church; he was selected by the church on account of his method—Dr. Castle, his predecessor, having been a preacher of much the same style. That the church has prospered under their ministrations is apparent even to the stranger, while inquiry proves even more. With a membership of nearly 800; a weekly prayer-meeting nearly as large as the entire membership, and unequalled in the city for its spontaniety of song and petition; a Sunday school, Bible class, Ladies' and Young People's societies of similar eminence, it cannot be said that the condition of the church shows any sign of weakness or lack of spirituality. The conditions which have made the Jarvis street prayer meetings such a success are apparent even to the visitor. One can see that the members like to sing and pray; the congregational singing is good, and Dr. Thomas' prayers are poems of adoration, thankfulness and desire for uplifting into better life and more pious impulse. He does not need set phrases—words come, apparently unbidden, to clothe his thoughts in royal garments. The Psalmist seems to be his model, and there could be no better, though the doctor's polysyllabic words make the periods more ponderous. As a word-painter he has all the facility and skill of the poet, and his impulses and uplifting exhortations find every shade of expression in his elocution and excellent voice—a voice and elocution which the best emotional actor I know has reason to envy him.



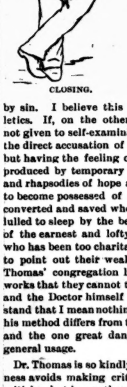
In entering the pulpit, making his announcements and preaching, the same good taste and excellent judgment pervade his style and utterances. His introduction is clear, and at once you grasp the scope and intention of his discourse. His delivery is quiet, his gestures graceful, his attitudes self-possessed and his flow of choice words indeed marvellous. I have heard Edward Blake when it almost made me dizzy following him through the maze of commas, semi-colons, colons and parenthetical phrases of an involved sentence, and, in hearing Dr. Thomas' extemporary flow of descriptive polysyllables, I have almost held my breath waiting for the verb, but it always comes in good time and place to round up a polished period with which no fault could be found.

He is not emotional in the sense of trying to excite his congregation, for sensationalism and Dr. Thomas are as far apart as the poles. His emotionalism is of a different sort; it is that of the poetical devotee who thinks and speaks much of holy things, and loves to depict glories and beatific visions. He does not try to move his audience to tears, through his own voice and eyes show how quickly tears would come; he passes, on carrying his congregation with him through the flowery paths of his rhetoric, stirring all of their hearts gently as the breeze moves the faces of the flowers that look up to God and bend with the touch of every zephyr. I have to fall somewhat into the Doctor's ornate style to depict his methods.

His evident sympathy, sincerity and the entire absence of cant are especially refreshing in one who is so devotional and deals so much with what I may be pardoned for calling the sentimental side of religion. Excepting the lock of hair which hangs in a somewhat studied way over his forehead and makes me nervous for fear it may get into his left eye, he is unaffected and pleasing both to see and hear, though I doubt if his audience take home with them much more than the *feeling* of the sermon.

As regards the subject matter of his sermons I do not desire to be critical, but the whole worth of these articles would be lost if I did not express an honest opinion. I have said that the effect of his preaching has been to cast a devotional atmosphere around his congregation, and I am informed that the children of members almost as a rule join the church when they become old enough to understand the ordinance of baptism. The Communion service, following the strictest Scriptural teaching, is held every Sunday, and, judging from the two or three hundred members remaining on Christmas day, the privilege is largely appreciated.

Nevertheless, a question suggests itself to every student of human nature who has ever watched the influence of preaching and the working of public opinion, either in churches or out of it. Is not preaching such as I have described likely to produce a *feeling of goodness* rather than *good works?* If a man or woman can feel good every Sunday and at prayer meeting, and hear very little of their sins except in a general sort of a way, are they not likely to be satisfied with the feeling and forget that before the Great White Throne they are to be judged, not by what they have *felt*, but by what they have *done?*



CLOSING.

The admission that a *sacred feeling* is apt to produce good works leads up to the fact that a *feeling of safety and goodness* often blinds people to a sense of their real condition. I am not applying this to Jarvis street or any other church, but simply stating an uncontrovertible truth. The influence of sermons which make you desire to be good, quickly passes away, unless the conviction is forced sharply into the soul that you are not good, but seriously deformed by sin. I believe this is an axiom in homiletics. If, on the other hand, those natures not given to self-examination, and not hearing the direct accusation of the truth sharply put, but having the feeling of goodness frequently produced by temporary exaltations of spirit and rhapsodies of hope and happiness, are apt to become possessed of the idea that they are converted and saved when they have only been lulled to sleep by the beautiful out-breathings of the earnest and lofty spirit of their pastor, who has been too charitable to see or too loving to point out their weaknesses and sins. Dr. Thomas' congregation has shown such good works that they cannot take this to themselves, and the Doctor himself will thoroughly understand that I mean nothing but to point out how his method differs from that of so many others, and the one great danger that threatens its general usage.

Dr. Thomas is so kindly and with such gentleness avoids making criticisms that I hate to criticise, but in another point only do I believe there is reason for a suggestion, and that is the lack of illustration. It is hard for the majority of people to fix abstract truths in their minds, and the effectiveness of an illustration is admitted. I believe it to be another rule of homiletics that whatever interest is awakened in a religious subject should be made tributary to instruction, and that no preaching can be permanently useful which does not impart knowledge in such a way as to be retained by the hearer. I imagine this can be most easily done by frequent and forcible illustration.

I have a time-honored faith that Scotch Presbyterians and the various denominations of Baptists are better posted in Scripture than any other religious bodies, but, much as I love them as the child loves its parents, I have often thought their preachers lacked liberality and warmth. In Mr. Macdonnell and Dr. Thomas I have found two who are liberality itself, widely as their methods differ. The former as well as the latter reminds me of a quotation, the author of which I do not remember:—

"Who can resist, who would resist, the fascination of a loving nature? Men possessing it blow whithersoever they list, and men follow them. They bear mankind in their arms, and are ever the prophets and pioneers of a more loving time."

DON.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

V.

One of the most ludicrous features of advertising as she is done, is the persistent way in which some merchants insist in advertising goods suitable for Christmas presents after the holidays are dead and buried. Take up almost any daily paper of the current week, and in column after column will be found the announcement of so-called shrewd business men, who exemplify their shrewdness by advertising articles the demand for which has ceased. This, I fancy, is due to forgetfulness more than anything else, and yet it is surely necessary to think of this important element to success in business as carefully as the arrangement of goods on the shop shelves or the counter. No merchant who is anxious to do more than a corner grocery trade should ever forget to advertise, nor should he ever forget the wording of his advertisement. These two things are as necessary as that he should keep his shelves loaded with saleable goods. It is an unfortunate fact, however, that men who spend thousands of dollars every year in advertising think less of the matter and the manner of their advertisement than they think of the duties of some $2-a-week urchin who sweeps out the store and delivers parcels.

To get back for a moment to what I began on, would any merchant in his senses think for an instant of advertising blankets, ulsters and heavy woollen socks in the blazing summer days of August? And if he did, would he fancy for one moment that such articles, so advertised, would find ready sale? I fancy not. Yet it would be just as sensible to do this as it is for merchants to advertise Christmas presents a week after Christmas has died a natural death and been buried with all the pomp and ceremony of the occasion. No man gives Christmas presents a week after Christmas any more than he would dream of presenting his son with a suit of heavy flannel underclothing in July. It is the inattention to such matters as these that shows the careless business man, and carelessness in business is a bad thing in one who is endeavoring to achieve success.

Some of the merchants of Canada (or of Toronto and Hamilton, I should say, for I desire to speak only from personal knowledge) have adopted a custom in vogue in no other country in the world that I have ever heard of. I refer to every other day or twice a week advertising. Why in the world a man should advertise every other day or twice a week in a daily newspaper I cannot understand. If daily newspaper advertising is worth anything at all it is worth permanency. Does a merchant imagine that on certain days of the week the paper in which he advertises is more widely read or by a different circle of readers? Surely no man in his senses would dream such a thing possible, and yet there can be no other reason for advertising in a paper one day and skipping it the next, except, of course, the question of cost; and, proportionately, it is far less expensive to advertise every day than in the hop, step and jump fashion which seems as funny as laughing-gas when you give it serious thought for a moment. If there is anything in daily newspaper advertising at all it is the persistency with which an advertiser should cry his wares to the public, so that the constant reiteration will have the effect of fixing the advertisement on the reader's mind.

THE ADDERVERTISER.

My Heart is so Hungry for Thee.

Alone by the starlighted window,
The soft breeze was threading my hair
As if the cool fingers of woman
Were seeking to drive away care!
The bright lights were burning in heaven,
The sky was tranquilly blue;
Ah! the soft-fingered breeze and the starlight
Remind me, Mary, of you.

And I thought if the skies were enkindled
With a light all angelic above,
I knew of two orbs that were lighted
With the impulse and glory of love!
So alone by the starlighted window
A song came gushing and free,
And the burden was: "Mary, dear Mary,
My heart is so hungry for thee!"

Italia may boast of her beauties,
Her radiant Hebe-like girls,
Hispania in troubadour music
May sing of her orbs and her curls—
But give me thy cheek, where the lilies
Are fair as the foam of the sea
And thy soul when it echoes the burden:
"My heart is so hungry for thee!"

I know not, I ask not, if others
Are rarer or fairer than thou—
In thy soul there is love and devotion
And beauty for me on thy brow!
In sunshine or cloud, gentle Mary—
Oh! day-star and night-star to me!
I shall sing in my soul but this burden:
"My heart is so hungry for thee!"

Her Face I May Not See.

When golden rod and purple stars
Of aster light the way,
And through the leaves of gold and red
The autumn sunbeams play,
And over earth a warm mist lies,
Like to a baby's breath,
And soft the tender, glimmering skies
Weep for sweet summer death,
My heart goes back across the tide
Of long, dark years and dreams
Of one who wandered by my side
Adown the sunlit streams.

O, fairer than the fairest bud
That bursts to bloom in spring,
And sweet her voice as sweetest song
The birds' of morning sing;
And rarer than the shimmering light
That sifts through leaf and blade,
In dreams I see her blossom face,
My bonnie little maid!
In dreams, in dreams alone, she comes
By day, by night to me,
For with my waking eyes, alas,
Her face I may not see.

The shuffle in the city papers goes on. There has been another change in the *News* office, and the latest is that T. A. Gregg is to be its managing editor. Gregg is a bright writer and a clever fellow generally, and there was considerable objection to his leaving *The Empire*. However, the objections didn't go, and Gregg will take charge next Tuesday.

Here and There.

Christmas is over; the bells have ceased ringing; we mourn for its sentiment, turkey and cheer; we dream of the songs joyous voices were singing, and now we're awaiting a happy new year. A Happy New Year to us all may it be; good-bye to the griefs and the heartaches we've met; where the old year has fled let its wrongs with it flee, we must learn the old lesson—Forgive and Forget.

* * *

For many reasons I am heartily glad Christmas is gone, and for many others I will be emphatically and variously glad when the happy new year drifts into the joyous past. There is no one who likes the sentiment of Christmas day better than I do, but in this progressive age, if you cultivate the sentiment to any extent, it costs you just about as much as the average man makes in a year. It has always been the custom to give presents at Christmas, and I have no desire to kick against the custom; but of late years the practice has grown to an extent little short of the alarming, and, when you sit down and reckon up what this glad and joyous day has cost you, you feel like banging into the bankruptcy court and jumping on the Christmas gift enterprise scheme with both feet. Every man, woman or child you ever knew or expect to know falls up against you at Christmas time and expects the earth. I have been there, and I realize it. The man who shaves you in your barber shop, the assistant who brushes your coat, the fellow who hands you your order at the lunch table, the boy who brings your morning papers, your man servant, your maid servant, your ox, your ass and the stranger that is within your gates, all expect a few dollars at Christmas time; and in nine cases out of ten they get it, for at this blessed season your heart is touched with a generous feeling, and you give lavishly. It is only when you sit down to your pipe and a philosophical contemplation of things that be that you realize the wild and terrible way in which you have wandered from the straight and narrow path that leadeth to economical pastures.

* * *

Then you reflect, and, metaphorically speaking, you club yourself. You call yourself polly-syllabic names, and exhaust your supply of rhetoric in epithets that will suit the occasion. You row in firm and vigorous language that, come what may, you will never be so reckless again, but when the new year dawns you are pretty nearly as bad, and by the time another Christmas looms up you are just as reckless as ever.

* * *

There is another thing about Christmas that always pains me, and that is the absolute and positive necessity that exists for filling ourselves full of a large and varied assortment of indigestible edibles which run the gamut of roast beef, turkey, plum-pudding and goodness only knows what all. It is a bounden duty to eat like a glutton on Christmas day, and when the gluttony is over there ensues another period of mental introspection, wherein you repeat your emphatic remarks about your own perspicuity and comment forcibly on the lamentable fact that nature has only built you a few degrees south of the lunatic asylum.

* * *

What I object to about all this is the custom which makes it necessary for an ordinary man with an ordinary appetite, and a stomach built on the ordinary three-meals-a-day plan, to eat, eat, eat until his somewhat limited stomachic capabilities and the buttons on his clothes refuse to acommodate a further supply. If you don't fill yourself full to overflowing with the good things with which the table groans you are set down as uncongenial, and, if you do, you set yourself down as a chump. I never could see any particular reason why I should make a wholesale food emporium of myself. But I do it with clockwork regularly every year.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine for January shows marked improvement on preceding numbers, good as they always were. The quantity and quality of the illustrations are far in advance of the earlier issues, and the letter-press is kept up to its high standard. *Scribner's* is cutting into the *Century* vigorously. My bookseller tells me that within six weeks over twenty of his customers have changed from the *Century* to *Scribner's*. I fancy this is due both to the excellence and cheapness of *Scribner's*, and to the fact that people are tired of the long, tedious, and, half the time, stupidly written papers on the civil war with which the *Century* has been loaded up for some time. However interesting such papers may be to some magazine readers the general readers do not care for them, and show that they don't by dropping them. *Scribner's Magazine* recognizes the growing demand for good, healthy fiction, a recognition that has also helped to popularize it, and its editors have brought out a number of bright and well-equipped writers whose names have heretofore been but little known in magazine circles.

* * *

Last week I called attention to the blundering incompetence shown in the distribution of the police patrol boxes. An instance similar to the one I cited is sent me by a correspondent, who says a box has been located at the corner of Queen and Dundas streets, one minute's walk from a police station. The idiotcy of this proceeding is so apparent that it is almost unnecessary to point it out. The Police Commissioners should revise the distribution of these boxes, and arrange them so that they will be a benefit to the citizens and not mere arrangements for the convenience of some lazy policemen. It is not within call of a station that these boxes are needed, but rather in the sparsely settled skirts of the city, where policemen are few and fat and the rough element flourishes. In the city's heart a policeman can always secure assistance in a moment, and patrol boxes every block or two are not required.

* * *

The latest addition to Toronto newspapers is the *Dramatic World and Sporting Record*, which has just been issued by George Harrington and John Goss, editor and business manager respectively. The *Dramatic World*, etc., is nearly not quite as big as its name, and while, for the sake of its publishers, who are good fellows and old newspaper men, I would like to see it make a hit, I very much fear it will not go here. Its typographical appearance is not up to the mark and its contents are scarcely of the kind to ensure success. Besides, there is not the field for it. Exclusively dramatic papers depend for their support on professional people, and there are not enough members of the business in Canada to support an organ, while as to sport, the paper is too small to cover the field. However, I will be glad to know that my ideas are erroneous for the sake of the men who are engaged in the new enterprise.

* * *

There is a change looming up in the *Globe* office. Mr. Frank J. Nelson, M.A., the present Hamilton correspondent of the *Globe* is to be brought here as its sporting editor about the middle of next February. Nelson is not only a well-posted sporting man but is a rattling good all-round newspaper writer as well. It was when he was captain of the Nautilus Rowing Club that the club won the four-oared championship of Canada and the United States, something never done before by any club, though the feat was repeated this year by the Toronto four. When the Canadian Baseball League was in existence Nelson was its secretary-treasurer and that league made baseball what it is in Ontario, before it was merged into the International League. He is an enthusiastic yatchsman, a shrewd judge of horse-flesh and is otherwise well equipped for the position he is to fill. Withail he is a thoroughly good fellow and his many friends will be glad to hear of his advancement.

The Officers' Mess.

Last week some enterprising news agent sent a cable to a morning paper that the Government had under consideration the reorganization of the Canadian Militia, and I see that the Ottawa reporters have interviewed the Government, who say that no change is at present contemplated. I am glad to see that the daily papers, although sometimes considerably mixed, take some interest in the Militia.

*

The *Mail* last week had two long editorials on military matters which developed the fact that the *Mail* forgets that all the inspecting officers mentioned by it are regular soldiers. The comparison of the Canadian militiaman with the English regular is always hard on the militiaman. Such of us as are fond of volunteering have not the time to devote even one month a year to military exercises, and cannot expect to be perfect, but we do our best. It is easy to complain of the inefficiency of the Canadian militia, but if the disinterested and unremunerated work of some of our zealous volunteers were seen it would perhaps cause something better to be said for them. I have always found that those who grumble most are those who are the least inclined to help.

*

Our volunteers did fairly well in the North-West rebellion anyway, and the force is in a much better state now than it was then. Our volunteers are more efficient now than ever they were.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 17, Lieut.-Col. Miller presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the annual rifle match of the Q. O. R. bugle corps. Speeches and music were the order of the evening. Lieut.-Col. Miller was presented by the buglers with a gold-headed staff as a mark of the esteem which he was held by them during his services in the regiment.

*

I suppose that the Queen's Own bugle band is the best bugle band of a volunteer corps in existence. It is certainly the best in Canada. The regiment has reason to be proud of it. Its efficiency is almost entirely due to the untiring efforts of Bugle-Major Swift, who is a good soldier as well as a good musician.

*

Company dinners have been the order of the day in Toronto during this month. I have already noticed several. Last week the annual dinners of D Company, R. G., and G Company, Q.O.R., were held, and were a great success. At the D Company dinner Major Dawson, Capt. Mason, Capt. Manley, Lieuts. Lowe and Gibson represented the officers of the regiment, and Sergt.-Major Francis the non-commissioned officers. Mr. James Mason was also present as a guest. At the dinner of G Company Capt. Bennett was in the chair. Lieut.-Col. Miller, Capt. McDonald, Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Brock and Lieut. Nelson were present, as also was Sergt.-Major Crean.

*

The annual meeting of E Company, Q. O. R., was held a week ago last night and the affairs of the company were found to be in flourishing condition. Capt. Mutton was in the chair.

*

I see that Lieuts. Freer and Sears, of the Royal School of Infantry Corps, have now the brevet rank of captain. Captain Joseph Hooper Mead is now the major commanding the Toronto Field Battery, and Surgeon Bigelow has resigned. The orders referring to the G. G. B. G. read: To be veterinary surgeon, Frank Campbell, gentleman, vice Bond, left limits.

*

The following officers received certificates at the New Fort Barracks last week. First-class long course, grade A, Lieut. Hill, 44th Battalion. First-class short course, grade A, Lieut. R. G. Johnston, Q. O. R.; Capt. Hiscott, 19th, 2nd; Lieut. Holden, 32nd, 3rd. Second-class special course, Lieut. J. A. W. Allan, York Rangers.

SUB.

At the Theaters.

Every time I see Karl the Peddler, or The New Karl, as it has been called since it was elaborated and changed, I feel sorry I haven't got a gun. It is a dull, tiresome and stupid rehash of old gags, scenes and incidents, possesses no literary merit and has not even the grace of good arrangement. It is built simply as a vehicle for Mr. Charles A. Gardner, who furnishes us with an imitation of J. K. Emmett, to introduce his big legs, his German dialect and a number of songs which, while pretty enough in themselves, would show to better advantage in a better frame. I like Mr. Gardner's singing. He has a light but sympathetic, tender voice, which he uses with ease and marked vivacity. I only regret that he labors under the delusion that The New Karl contains any wit, humor or particular merit. I am sorry Mr. Gardner does not show his ability by some better means.

*

I have seen alleged dramatic performances in my time that the angels would weep to witness. I have seen everything in the way of stupid, turgid and silly stage literature that the theater-goers of this country have groaned over in agony of spirit, in a decade or more, and I have seen few productions that have caused me more bitter anguish than The New Karl. Looking at it calmly, and writing with consideration, it seems to me that there is only one show in this wide world that makes The New Karl leave the front row, and that is Alvin Joslin, with the more or less estimable Mr. Charles L. Davis in the title role. I am willing to let Mr. Davis float the flag of supremacy in the matter of rot, but in all justice The New Karl should not be far behind.

*

There is a fashion in histrionics as in all else in this world. We have seasons of tragedy, seasons of comedy, seasons of opera, seasons of burlesque and seasons of rot. They come and go with the regularity and patient persistence of a tax-collector or a man who wants a job. We of the provincial towns have not the same opportunity of observing this as do those who do live in the dramatic centres of the continent, but we can generally tell by the ripple here what the splash is like elsewhere. In Karl and the similar inanities with which we have been deluged this season we have pretty good evidence that a reign of silliness is demanded. If people didn't want these things they would not be forthcoming. Demand always must create supply. It is a bitter reflection on public taste that such performances can be made to pay. They do not instruct, and I don't see how they can amuse. Yet they do amuse—some people, which shows how really vitiated public taste must be. By-and-bye, of course, the reaction will come, and the supremacy of slush will be over.

*

I am sorry Mr. Gardner has no better vehicle than Karl. He is a very fair actor and a really delightful singer of the German yodling songs, but his play is as bad as his company, and great is the corruptness thereof. I would like to see Gardner with a good play and a good company, for I think him able to do better work than he has been doing at the Toronto Opera House this week. He makes me think how incongruous it would be to see a diamond set in punk.

*

Joe Murphy has changed very little in the past eight or ten years. The lines on his mobile face have deepened, and a slight stiffness has crept into his joints, but otherwise he is just the same rollicking, jovial, good-hearted delineator of a rollicking, jovial, good-hearted Irishman that he was when I, as a boy, laughed and cried by turns at Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue. I can always sympathize with Murphy's Irishman. He is a brave, open-hearted, open-handed, self-respecting fellow, very human and fallible, but manly and true. I always feel better for seeing Kerry Gow. It brings back to me something that I left behind when I turned from the green fields and cool woods of boyhood for the unending bricks and dust of the city. I have a feeling of affection for him. It may not be so great or so artistic a creation as Conn the Shaughraun, but I like it better. I can't work up sympathetic feelings for any sort of a fellow who never even squints at soap and water, and is chronically addicted to the snuffles; and it always seemed to me false sentiment to make a pretty, sweet-faced child like Moya fall in love with such a dirty and ungracious lout as Conn. But there is nothing repulsive in Murphy's picturing of the Irish character. It is tender and joyous and, above all, human; and so, when I saw him the other night for the fortieth or fiftieth time, I laughed just as heartily as of old, and entered into the spirit of the play with the same zest and keen sympathy that I did when I first saw him years and years ago. Murphy is probably the most popular comedian living with Canadian theater-goers, and crowded houses greet him nightly. That he is always Joe Murphy and never loses himself in his part makes not one scrap of difference. He is always welcome in his old clothes.

*

Mr. Murphy is generally supported by a strong company, and this year, with possibly one or two exceptions, his people give an excellent performance. Mr. Walter Owen's Raymond Drew is stilted, forced and unnatural, and he frequently displays a lamentable ignorance of the text; and Mr. J. P. O'Keefe's Major Gruff is lacking considerably in the essential gruffness. I would strongly advise Mr. Murphy to remove several of the young women who float on the stage in the third-act of Kerry Gow in tight-fitting knee-breeches, riding whips and horse-jockey caps and blouses. They stand idly around, don't know what to do or how to do it, gape at the audience, then look slyly at one another and titter. There is one depressed and hopeless young person in particular, with a back like a rainbow and a chest like the cave of Despair, who should go through a severe course of calisthenics before again venturing on an appearance in public. Miss Stella Teuton as Nora Drew, and Miss Alfa Perry as Alice Doyle, are both of them pretty and clever, though more attention to the peculiarities of the Irish brogue would not materially injure either one of them.

*

Commencing with matinee on New Year's Day, The Golden Giant, with Mrs. McKee Rankin, will begin a week's engagement at the Grand. A Boston exchange says of it: "The story of the play is not entirely original, but it is sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of the audience through the entire piece. The scene is laid in Idaho, and the Golden Giant is the name of a valuable mine. There is a villain (no well regulated play would be without one) who makes the wife of one of the partners in the mine believe her husband has deserted her, and she, in a weak moment, consents to elope with the schemer. She finds out, when it is too late, that she has been deceived, and her husband, driven crazy, dies in an insane asylum. She starts for Idaho and arrives at the mining camp at the same time with Duncan Lemoyne, the villain. He attempts to ruin her prospects unless she turns over the papers belonging to her husband to him, but Alexander Fairfax falls in love with her and marries her. The villain and an accomplice try to get the papers which she possesses that gives her a title to half of the mine, by exposing her. This scheme fails in the end and everything turns out all right. A real live Chinaman, Ah Wung Sung, the only Chinese actor ever seen in an English play, performed his part with intelligence.

*

As the daily papers say the appearance of the National Opera Company at the Toronto Opera House next week will be the operatic event of the season. Manager Shaw shows a good deal of enterprise in bringing the company here. He is under great expense, and should be, and probably will be, liberally patronized, more especially as it will be a society event. Many of the best singers of last year's company are still with the organization and they have more than renewed their triumphs wherever they have appeared. Mr. Charles Locke is at the head of affairs, having Mr. Wm. Hock as stage director and Mr. Gustav Henrichs as musical director. The National Opera numbers 300 persons, including such famous artists as Emma Juch, Amanda Fabris and Bertha Pierson, sopranos; Clara Poole, Agnes Peering and Helen Ludington, contraltos; Barton McGuckin, Joseph Pache and Charles Bassett, tenors; Frank Vetta, Alonzo Stoddard, Andrew Black, Geo. H. Broderick, Wm. Morton and Wm. Ludwig, bassos and baritones. The ballet is headed by dancers of world wide renown, and the orchestra and choruses are trained to perfection, while nothing is lacking in scenery, costumes, mechanical effects, etc., for the elaborate production of grand opera. The bill is made up of Faust on Monday night, Lohengrin on Tuesday night, and the Queen of Sheba on Wednesday.

STAGE NOTES.

Sarah Bernhardt has put all the women in Paris in short waists, after La Tosca. But the French women do not look like Sarah in Josephine waists any more than the American women looked like her in silver girdles. No one can copy Sarah. Her body is as sui generis as her genius, and imitation falls hopeless.

A man has gone to see Siegfried at the New York Metropolitan for several successive performances, and, wondering at the long duration of the kiss with which Siegried awakens the unconscious Brunnhilde, has timed it with a stop watch. The invariable period has been forty-two seconds; but this precision is not affected by professional judgment or personal enjoyment, but by the notes of the music.

Mrs. Langtry has an absolute horror of flesh, which is encroaching upon her so rapidly that it has destroyed the long lines of her once famous figure, and threatens her with the most English results. She has always exercised a great deal, but her exercise is now really violent, and she has adopted a modified system of banting. It is all of little avail, however, as she positively refuses to give up champagne, the most insidious enemy of female loveliness.

Nat Goodwin went on the stage with the determination to be a tragedian. Fate and natural aptitude drifted him into farce-comedy, but he has always been unhappy there. Now that he finds himself financially independent he has determined to give himself to the legitimate, and to indulge in the luxury until he has either forced the public to agree with him or ridicule has driven him off. John T. Raymond lived and died firmly convinced that pathos was his greatest power. Nat Goodwin is liable, in all seriousness, to play Hamlet.

Campanini lost his voice through wearing low-necked shirts in the bitter New York weather six or seven winters ago. The story goes that the great tenor was a blacksmith in his boyhood, and became so hardened to violent contrasts of cold and heat that he thought nothing could affect the superb strength of his physique. But a New York blast struck him in his vital spot one day, and he was compelled to give up the stage altogether. Unexpectedly his voice came back to him, but in such delicate form that he is now obliged to nurse it like an exotic.

Nym Crinkle on Henry Irving: In a word, Mr. Irving is always that which is most effective to the eye, but not always that which is most consonant with the reason. He makes pictures—as Emerson once said—as fast as the sun breeds flies. And such is his tendency to strike the sense at all sacrifices that he has never been willing to subdue the glaring mannerisms of his personality and speech, but, on the contrary, has clung to them as in some sense an evidence of originality and genius.

Singers of Sacred Song.

The three young ladies whose portraits are presented in this column this week are well known in musical circles in Toronto. Miss Hattie Morell is the soprano soloist in the Church of the Ascension. She is a rather dark and decidedly prepossessing young lady, pleasant of manner, soft of speech and a sweet and sympathetic singer. She has been at the Church of the Ascension some time, and, with Miss Palen, does the greater part of the solo singing there. Miss Palen's voice is a rich and pure contralto. Miss Edna Myers belongs to that indefatigable army whose battlefield is the Metropolitan church and whose general is Torrington. She is a graceful young lady,

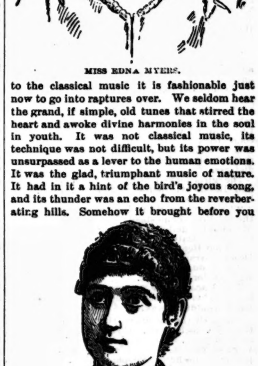
MISS H. MORELL.

cordial, unaffected and pretty. Her voice, if light, is sweet and clear and good to listen to, and she sings easily and naturally. Miss Myers has many friends, both in the choir and out of it. Miss M. McGlone is another pretty and well-known young lady who sings in St. Michael's choir.

A great fault with the average choir music of the day, writes a correspondent, is that it is too elaborate for many members of the average congregation who have not been educated up

MISS EDNA MYERS.

to the classical music it is fashionable just now to go into raptures over. We seldom hear the grand, if simple, old tunes that stirred the heart and awoke divine harmonies in the soul in youth. It was not classical music, its technique was not difficult, but its power was unsurpassed as a lever to the human emotions. It was the glad, triumphant music of nature. It had in it a hint of the bird's joyous song, and its thunder was an echo from the reverberating hills. Somehow it brought before you



MISS M. M'GLONE.

the green meadows where the sunshine chased the shadow, the cool hollows where a silver stream of shallow water slipped along and sang to the moist moss on the gray stones.

But it wasn't classical.

It seems to me, and I humbly acknowledge that I have never been educated to a proper conception of the so-called classical music, that we subjugate harmony now to fashion. We work up a hypocritical rapture over some superficial conception that has about as much real music in it as has a bull-dog with a bad cold. We don't care for nature any more. The drone of the trombone and the big fiddle has the memory of the rumbling wheels of a railroad train on an up grade, not the subdued thunder of a distant waterfall, or the grandeur of warring elements.

It was different when I was young. We had music in those days, Mr. Editor, of the heart and soul, and we loved it with heart and soul. But in these days we worship at the feet of fashion in music as in all else.

*

Courting is a natural blessing. It teaches young people to speak mildly, especially if the old folks are in the next room, with the door open.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE WIDOWER'S RETURN.

The shrill shriek of the engine as it drew the down express around the curve and up to the platform of Applebury station, where Ben stood, ready for departure, was the signal for parting embraces from Bess and Louie, and most importunities of "not to stay away long" and to "write to me now, sure." As Ben moved towards the steps of the car his father came off carrying an immense blue carpet bag.

"Jest goin' away, Ben—ja—min!" exclaimed the old man with evident satisfaction, pitching out his hand. "Come agin when yey time!"

Ben took the proffered hand, and looking his father squarely in the eyes, replied: "You'll see me, perhaps before you'll want to. Good by!"

The old man's eyes had anything but a pleasant look in them as he watched his son's form onto the platform of the moving coach, but when he turned and saw his two daughters standing beside him, he beamed upon them with genuine pleasure.

"Here to meet me, hey!" he said clumsily, but kindly kissing them both.

"Yes and to see Ben off," announced Lou, unfortunately.

"Oh! I see now. It was Ben, not me, that brought yer down!" he said, looks clouded instantly. "I s'pose yer sory enough that he's gone and yer father's come back."

The girls protested that they were glad to see him, but their efforts to assure him that he was welcome were without avail until supper made him forget his jealousy of his son. As he leaned comfortably back in his chair after a hearty meal, he inquired cheerfully when Hope would return.

"To-morrow night" Bessie answered, watching him with some curiosity.

"Singler! I dreamed 'bout her last night and thought she was home when I got here." Glancing up he caught Bessie's eye, and, after a pause and uneasy shifting in his chair, his face assumed a mournful look, and pulling out his handkerchief he gave his eyes a rub, exclaiming the while, "Yer maw was a great hand teh tell her dreams, wa'n't she!"

Lou began to clear the table, and seeing the bent of his ideas hastened to change the subject by inquiring, "Did you have a nice time when you were away?"

"I was too sad teh hev any pleasure, Lou-i-zy. Yer aunt's folks sed they never seed anyone thet seemed to take a loss so hard as me."

"They treated you good, I suppose?"

"They couldn't a bin better teh me than they was if I bed bin th' Prince of Whales," answered the Deacon, beginning to brighten up. "They're ter'ble friendly people ou. West. Everybody seems teh take right holt a' yeh as if they allus knowed yeh. I was sat out teh meals every day onct at least, sometimes teh mor'n I cud eat. They're ter'ble good cooks, too, out thar. They're great on fried chicken becoming very loquacious) and hot biskit, and every place yeh go yeh'll git lemon pie sure's shootin'. I got ter'ble tired on 'em, I hev hed 'em home so much. (Pausing and saddening suddenly.) They 'minded me so much of yer maw!"

Louie was resolved not to let him become tearful, and continued—

"Are our folks out there pretty well off?"

"Yes, middlin', 'bout like we air fer's this world goods air consarned, but I got hem a much when we come to lay down'n die!"—dolefully.

"Did you see the Higginses that moved out there from here?"

"Yes; they're doin' poor 'nuff. But John Doyland's gettin' rich!"—more cheerfully.

"Why, sure enough, the Doylands are out there! And you saw them!" This from Bessie, who is washing dishes in the pantry.

"Yes. Hain't none of the girls married yit, and they're the best housekeepers thereabouts. They wont go 'lih the shiftless set thet's all round them, an' I don't blame em none, nuther! Harriet, the oldest on 'em, is a ter'ble fine lookin' woman, kinder stout gittin', but not t' hurt."

Bess made a mental note of Harriet Doyland and her attractions, and even unobservant Lou gave her sister a quiet nudge.

"Would you like to go out ther'n live f' ventured Bess as a leading question.

"I can t say's I would—jiat yit—but I hated teh come away sure enuff. But then like's not t'was cause I was feelin' so lonely and hated t' come back t' where I'd hed my loss." The Deacon leaned forward, and resting his elbows on the table buried his face in his hands in deep distress.

The girls looked meaningly at one another and Bessie whispered, "Tell him about Ben buying the farm."

"I s'pose you didn't hear about Ben buying the old Birch homestead?" queried Louie with ill-concealed delight at having important news to communicate.

"What Ben? Not our Ben?" exclaimed the Deacon, straightening up with a jerk.

"Yes, our Ben—Ben Jones!" affirmed Lou with pardonable pride.

The Deacon's face was an exclamation point; his ears, his eyes, his hands were exclamatory, but he couldn't speak.

"And all the furniture, the piano and everything jest as it stood. He asked the executors to fix a price, an' he paid it in cash, and not a word of dispute sed. It's kind a made Ben pop'ler round here. People think he must have money or he couldn't pay down eleven thousand dollars without seemin' to go out of his way."

The Deacon was dumbfounded. He sat and stared at the girls for several minutes, and they resumed their work to escape the embarrassment of the ominous pause before he had recovered enough to speak.

"Leven thousand in cash!" he repeated slowly as if struggling to comprehend the amount in connection with such a ne'r-do-well as Ben.

"Yes'n he never told any of us an' we never heard it till the neighbours all got holt of it an' Hiram was told of it up to the store!"

"Leven thousand! An' he's paid it down—th' hull of it? Then he must a' stole the money!"

"FATHER!" cried Bessie, swinging sharply round, holding in her hand a knife and fork she had been cleaning.

"Yes, Sicie it, I say!!" the old man reiterated excitedly, and seeing the knife in his daughter's hand it suggested a still more terrible means of getting money, "Like enuff murdered some one t' git it. I wouldn't put nuthin' past 'im, no matter how desperut! Nuther bung-u-lery ner murder ner—ner felony! He sure t' get that money honest, that I'll be swore!"

"The knife and fork dropped from Bessie's hand and fell rattling on the floor. Lou, in dumb astonishment, was watching her sister's face as it's pallor changed to an angry flush.

"You should be ashamed to say such fearful things of your son," Bessie began in a hard constrained tone. "You are only guessing those awful things and making up falsehoods.

"No hain't! No! hain't!" shouted the Deacon excitedly. "He's never come honest by it! 'Leven thousand dollars in the hands of a wuthless critter like him means rob-ery, jest as straight's a string, an' like enuff the very money he took was th' very money he paid fer th' farm. Yeh didn't hear if he paid fer th' land in 'Merican money, did yeh?"

Deacon Jones had so firmly convinced himself of his son's guilt that he made this inquiry with the air of conviction which comes from the discovery of a very startling clue.

"No yeh didn't hear!" continued the Deacon triumphantly. "No yeh didn't hear, but yes will hear soon enough, an' then yeh wont be bragging t' me about how much money Ben hez; then yeh'll be cryin' in shame teh know thet yer brother's a burguler, or counterfitter, er a murd'rer, er mebbe suthin' even wuss!"

The Deacon's imaginary clue had already ripened itself into a complete and abiding certainty that Ben had committed a fearful crime, and he brought his heavy fist down on the table with a bang and shouted again, "Er suthin even wuss!"

"Father!" demanded Bessie fiercely, her face aflame. "You only say such things because you think they was true, because yeh hate Ben and would like teh see him in jail, or hung or disgraced someway."

Both the girls spoke and flushed with the excitement of speaking grammatically and often corrected one another in the pronunciation of words, but in moments of anger or excitement both of them dropped into what Ben called the "voc-appulary."

"Sit down!" roared the Deacon, but Bessie, who had been approaching him as she spoke, paid no attention to his command.

"Sit down yerself an' quit talkin of yer betters. Ben's no more a thief than you air," and striking fiercely at her father's hand he caught her by the shoulder and tried to push her into a chair, "an' not—not near so much of a bully. If you don't hev yer hand off'n me I'll scream murder, so's they'll hear me all over the village!"

Springing to one side and evading his hand, she stood before him in one of those furious passions which had so frequently marred her childhood. Her very rage frightened her father, for well he remembered what that lightning and crockery were her favorite missels when in her tantrums.

"Don't ever lay yer dirty hands on me again, er I'll strike yeh in yer face yeh old brute. Yeh shant browbeat me and kill me like yeh did mother—"

"Oh Bess, Bess!" sobbed Louie, rushing hysterically into her sister's arms. "Don't! don't!"

"Don't what, Lou?" asked Bessie in a changed, choking voice that sounded utterly unlike the shrill threatening which Louie interrupted.

"Don't talk that way to father."

"He's Ben's father, too! though yeh wouldn't think so teh hear him callin' him sich names!" As she spoke she looked up from her frightened sister and saw almost with pity the ashen face of her father, the mouth drawn as with torturing pain.

For an instant father and daughter confronted each other—he sore stricken by her bitter accusation, she repenting but still defiant.

"Them' hard words," he said slowly as if pondering them over.

"Yes, they was hard words thet YOU said about Ben," answered Bessie in self-defence.

"Hard words them was for a darter to say t' her father!" His voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and as he started towards the open door he looked vaguely at the girls as if he was absorbed in self-examination and did not see them.

When he had left them Bessie burst into tears. She hated herself for giving way to her temper, and her father's pitiful look and hollow voice as he said, "Them' hard words," haunted and accused her. Lou was her comforter and her first words being, "How COULD you talk so to father!"

"How COULD I?" answered Bess sharply amidst her tears. "How could YOU keep quiet with father going on like that about Ben—and after all he thought of you and her as both—and after you made out you liked him so much.

"Don't turn onto me!" retorted Lou. "I don't see as it did Ben any good flaring up like you did. And how do we know but what it's true?"

"If what's true?" demanded Bessie, her tears ceasing instantly and her eyes flashing.

"Why, about the way Ben got his money!"

"Lou Jones, how could you say such words!"

"Well, I often thought," faltered Lou, half-ashamed and yet remembering her many pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, "that it was queer he never would tell us anything about himself or what he did for a living or anything.

Bessie regarded her sister with amazement, scarcely comprehending such treacherous suspicion possible.

"Lou Jones!" she cried, with a sudden surging back into her voice and face of the passion of a few moments ago. "You take after your father. I hate you both!"

And them slamming the stairway door behind her, Bessie ran up to bed to cry till morning.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEACON FINDS A COMFORTER.

When Adoniram Jones desired to be specially disagreeable to his family, he did what Ben was wont to describe as "the heart-broken act." With lugubrious face and darkened brow the Deacon came down stairs next morning, and it was apparent to everyone that he intended to be ostentatiously and offensively sad. Whenever he was suffering from one of his spells he spoke in a low, grave tone, and his sorrow-draped words were separated by frequent and long-drawn sighs. In the intervals when he forgot to sigh and bow down his head, he simply looked sullen and ill-tempered, but at no time during an attack of the sulks did he forget to be disagreeable. For years he had oppressed his family in this fashion, and now that he doubled his sighs and deepened his woe-begone looks, he intended them to notice that his recent loss, combined with their heartless conduct, had bowed his head with sorrow almost to the grave. He asked a blessing at the breakfast table in most sepulchral tones, and never once during the meal did he lift his eyes to those of his assembled progeny.

Israel fed himself and then the dog, and after turning the matter over in his mind ventured to wink at Bessie and Lou. Hiram, oblivious to everything else, was thinking of Hope Campton's expected return, and Lou answered Israel's pleasantry by a severe and well-defined frown. Nor was there any comfort in Bessie's face. She had cried all night, and her downcast eyes were shadow-ringed and swollen lids. She evidently considered herself to blame for the "heartbroken" attack, and thoroughly appreciated the responsibility. She wanted to cry, and the lump struggled up in her throat, but she was too brave a girl to yield, though it was all she could do to choke down her feelings with a sob and loud.

Israel felt that to restore a measure of sociability nothing was needed but some one to start a little pleasant and well-timed conversation, and with his usual tact began.

"Ter'ble lonesome round here since Ben s'went, hainit it, Bess?"

Everyone raised their eyes simultaneously, and following the direction of Israel's question, looked at Bessie. She reddened, hastily put down the cup from which she had been drinking, and with a choking "Yes," hastily left the table and went into the pantry.

Lou nudged Hiram with her knee, and he in turn admonished Israel by a kick on the shins, which was not intended to be severe, but cautionary. Israel, considerably offended as well as startled by the effect of his well-intentioned remark, was in no mood to quietly submit to a kick, and as he rose from the table he returned the compliment by a vicious side kick at Hiram's legs and a curt "Keep yer hoofs t' yer self!"

Hiram shoved his chair back from the table and jumped to his feet with an angry exclamation.

The Deacon spoke angrily: "Here now, stop that!" and then recollecting himself remarked mournfully, "Pears as if he didn't g'way enough if this's th' way he's bin teachin' yeh t'act!"

"Ther' hain bin a cross word in th' house since yeh bin away till now!" retorted Israel in self-defence with a vague sense that he ought to say so for Ben's sake.

His father's scowling face told him he was talking out of turn, but he would have gone if he had not caught sight of Bessie shaking her head at him from the pantry door. He stopped short, but Lou, in dread of another scene, and thinking Israel was about to talk some more, cut him short by saying with what she considered very fine discrimination:

"Quit hectin' about Ben, can't yeh, when yeh know it makes father angry!"

The Deacon's pale eyes glanced a sulky "thank you" at Lou for expressing his feelings and then gleamed angrily as it struck him that her words conveyed the idea that he, Adoniram Jones, was prejudiced against his son Ben and didn't want him to be spoken about.

"Shet up, Lou-i-zy, an' you, too, Israel! Nuther a yeh seem teh hev sense enuf teh hold yer tongues when yeh hainit suthin' t' say. Yeh hev it made out as if I was sot agin Ben an' wan't ready to do right by him jest like th' rest. I hainit never done no parshality fer ner agin none uv my children, and hainit gunto be 'cused nuther, so jest shet up both a' yeh an' less t' say."

With this the Deacon seized his hat and started for the barn, leaving his four children to settle it among themselves.

Israel felt that not yet had awe of his father, was overpowered, and with a very red face stumbled out of the door, Hiram audibly hoping that he'd "learn not to make a fool of himself." The girls sought comfort in a reconciliation which had first to be offered by Bessie.

The Deacon hitched up his horse, and after donning his Sunday clothes drove away to take counsel of Uncle Abe Gaylor, whom he found in his barn grinding a grist ready for the mill.

"How'ye feelin', Dee-kin? whenje git back?" inquired Uncle Abe cheerily, and with a very strong accent on the last syllable of "Dee-kin."

"Feelin' bad enuff x-cept as to general ways!" the Deacon answered mournfully. "Got back last night!"—with a sigh. "Ter'ble cut up, I am!"

"Likenuff, likenuff!" chirped Uncle Abe, scrutinizing the Deacon rather sharply. "What yeh been doin' t'?"

Deacon Jones had seated himself on a pile of grain bags and was despondently chewing the end of a straw.

"That's jest what I wanted teh talk t' yeh 'bout Brother Gaylor! Teh day if ye hev time er some time when yeh hev"—after a pause—"an' when yer alone!"

Uncle Abe took the hint, and sent little Jimmy, who had been turning the handle of the fanning mill, into the house. Jimmy, however, with a boy's curiosity and lack of fine sense of propriety, went around to the stable door, and creeping under a manger right behind the Deacon, and there awaited developments.

"Fire away now, Dee-kin!" said Uncle Abe, as he perched himself on the seat of a reaper and prepared to listen with sympathy scrutinizing the clean-shaven face before him.

"It's perty hard fer a father teh complain 'bout his children, but I hain't done nuthin' t'th mine an' hainit hed since Ben's comin' back, as I was a' tellin' yeh thet Sunday, d'ye mind, when I went home an' found Marier dead in bed from th' effects a' his goin's on!"

"Yes, I mind yeh tellin' me," Uncle Abe assented, though not heartily, for he had heard a version of the story from his son Frank. "But I'm bin away from them ever sence till last night, an' then Ben was gone, wan't he?"

"I know," said the Deacon, unceasingly chewing the straw, "but he didn't go till he'd spiled the hull fam'ly, an' when I got back they one an' all jest piled into me like mad."

"How'ye mean? Did they hit yeh or jaw ye er what?"

"Course! it hainit come t' hittin' me yit, though the old hands onto me sarcastic. Yes, it's a settin' out as Bessie giv' me was ter'ble! Might jest as well 'cuzed me a' murder!"

"Why did she say yeh'd slew?" asked Uncle Abe, again with the suspicion of a smile.

"Marier!" whispered the Deacon in a tone of genuine horror. "An' onct Ben told me the same! Said I'd 'killed her 'lih hard work an' my dam old jaw.' Them's his very words, only he said the same thing over'n over'n agin, so's t' hurt my feelin's. I didn't mind it s'much from Ben, but when Bess sed it I was struck t' th' marrer t' think a child a' mine could find heart t' reproach ther' father so cruel an false as thet!"

"Well!"

"It is false! hainit it Brother Gaylor?" The Deacon looked up, appealingly.

"Fur's I know 'tis! I never heard nuthin' again the way yeh treated yer wife 'sept hevin' thet sister a your'n turmentin' her, but then she hed t' go some place!"

"Of course she hed," continued the Deacon slowly, and rather shrinking from the dubious tone of his comforter, "An' then Lou, an' even Israel, cam' at me this morning' t' the breakfast table."

"Well, now! I am s'prised at Is-rul!" exclaimed Uncle Abe with a grin. "Thought that feller hadn't dander enuf t' git mad, even when he's imposed on!"

"He hed anyhow, an' him'n Hiram come nigh hevin' a fight right to th' table!"

"Yeh don't say! I guess Is-rul could lick Hi if they hed come to a scrap, hey?"

"An' Bess got up an' left the table, an' we're hevin' a ter'ble house of it an' no prospeks of it gettin' better, nuther!"

"I don't think yeh need git in sich a way over jest one little spat. Things'll straighten 'em-selves out in a day or two."

"No they wont, nuther, Brother Gaylor; no they wont; I know they wont! I know them young uns, and they're goin' wild an' wuthless jest like Ben since their mother died. I'm ter'ble, ter'ble loss t' lose yer pardner, Brother Gaylor," brushing his coat sleeve hastily over his eyes. "I hope you'll never hev t' git such a sech loss, but if yeh did yeh'd be able t' feel fer me as no one kin who hainit lost their missus."

"Yes, it must be a ter'ble loss, Dee-kin," said Uncle Abe sympathetically.

"I don't kn-ow how I kin live lonesome like I am, till I go teh jine her, fer likenuff it may be a sight o' years yet!" Uncle Abe and the Deacon buried his face in his hands and wept.

The little wrinkled folds of skin around Uncle Abe's shrewd eyes began to twitch as he watched his friend exhibit his woe. He had not been the oracle of the neighborhood for thirty years without having seen many similar cases. Old bachelors who were uncertain and widowers who were lonely, had often sought comfort and advice from Uncle Abe, and he knew what the preparatory complaints were intended to lead up to. As he sat watching the Deacon's white head bowed in apparently inconsolable grief, he decided, not without a feeling of contempt, to lead the mourner directly to the confessional.

"D'ye know, Dee-kin!" Uncle Abe began, with a most impressive inflection of the last syllable, "that I'm perty nigh sure what yeh need!"

"What is it, A'brum, fer I'm feelin' ter'ble helpless!" moaned the Deacon.

"It's suthin' to look forard to!" Yeh want t' think about gittin' a new pardner; that's what yeh want t' do, Dee-kin!"

"What! Git married again!" ejaculated the Deacon in a deeply shocked and injured tone. "How kin yeh speak of sech a thing an' Marier not dead a year!"

"I tell yeh it's jest what yeh want t' make yeh feel like's if yeh hed suthin' t' live fer," continued Uncle Abe with philosophic complacency, now perfectly sure of his ground. "Ther' haint nuthin wrong er unskriptural in thinkin' about marryin' agin er fer's I know, an' ef there is jest pint it out!"

"Not unskriptural, Brother Gaylor, ner wrong, er yeh wouldn't hev advised it, but kinder unnatural like!"

"Un-natural! No; not unnateral, Dee kin! No! no! The most nateral thing ther' is! No! Jest look ahere an' I'll pint out why it's the most nateralest thing thet could be!"

The Deacon heaved a heavy sigh and was all attention, simply suggesting, "But mebbe it'd look kinder friv'lous so soon after, likenuff!"

"What'd it does! It's only them thet don't feel so ter'ble lonesome thet minds about th' looks! I kin tell yeh thet, an' I've seen lots on 'em in my time now, hainit I?"

The Deacon assented with a badly-disguised effort to conceal his admiration of Uncle Abe's logic.

"Now, jest look-a-here! Hainit it nateral fer a man thet's lost a good missus t' feel wuss'n th' man thet's lost a bad one? Course it is! An' hainit it nateral fer th' man thet's lost the best missus t' be lonesomest an' t' feel anxyuss-est t' git th' hull a' bad one? Course it is! Now, hainit it? An' what kin fill th' achin' void but a new pardner? Now, hainit it? Women talk different jest t' blow 'bout what they'd do, but I consid'r it's a compliment t' the missus fer a widower t' want teh git married agin."

The Deacon, in spite of himself, was looking almost cheerful, so in a tone of settled conviction Uncle Abe wound up by saying:

"An' jest as quick as he kin, too!"

The Deacon, thoroughly excited, had risen and was walking up and down the floor, his hands under his coat tails and his head bent down.

"An' jest as quick as he kin," quoted the Deacon ruminatively. "Mebbe it can't be none too quick fer an' old feller like me!" he said with a sheepish sort of laugh.

This was another symptom familiar to Uncle Abe. He had catalogued all the unmarried females in the district for all the widowers, and had all the names at his tongue's end, but he didn't propose to make any mistakes by recommending his client to any of them without first discovering his preference. He therefore proceeded to sound the Deacon as to what age, style, etc., would suit him, and to find out if he had already made a choice.

"Oh, ho! Adoniram!" he began cheerfully, his twinkling eyes almost hidden in the little folds of puffy skin. "Yer young yit and spry, an' as good lookin' as any on em. An' I kin tell yeh (mysteriously) thet there's lots a' girls thet 'ud like t' be an old man's darlin'; certain, too, when he's as well fixed for a home as you be!"

"I think of I know myself thet i hev th' reptyatshun of bein' a good pervider," suggested the Deacon with some pride.

"Fer my part," continued Uncle Abe impressively, "I haint sot agin elderly people marryin' t' younger folks ef they git suited, which they can't course allus!"

The bait took.

"Ner me!" cried the Deacon eagerly. "Age haint ev'rythin' when there's much more endurin' ties t' bind 'em together—religion fer instunce!"

Uncle Abe's busy brain was already at work hunting for the religious young person the Deacon evidently had in his mind.

"Right ye air, Dee-kin! right ye air! I think she'd suit yeh purtazzly!" And as he spoke Uncle Abe winked knowingly.

"Who d'ye mean?" asked the Deacon in some confusion.

"Why, the religious young woman yeh spoke of!" answered Uncle Abe, with another knowing wink and a puckering-up of his mouth and eyes.

"I don't know as I hed enny pertickler one in view!" faltered the Deacon.

"Oh, yes yeh hed!" winked Uncle Abe encouragingly, though in great mental perplexity. "An' I'll tell yeh right now she'll hev yeh whenever yeh ast her. Now ther!"

"D'ye think so, A-brum! D'ye re-ally think she will?" broke from the Deacon's quivering lips before he even remotely suspected that he was being led out.

"Yes!" I kin honestly say I do! She respecks yeh a'ready, an' then th' home'll ketch her, she's so clingin' like!" ventured the old rascal, who as yet had not found anyone answering the description of a "religious young woman" who would think for a minute of marrying the Deacon.

The excited widower paused in his jerky walk before his friend, and looked searchingly into Uncle Abe's wrinkled face.

Uncle Abe's countenance was a trifle uneasy lest the Deacon would refuse to divulge and his ruse would be found out, so he nodded, cracked his lips significantly, and reaching forward poked the Deacon in the ribs. "Yes, she'll take yeh first astin' er I'm no jedge of gals!"

Not a smile brightened the Deacon's face. He was in deadly earnest. "D'ye actilly think Hope Campton'd marry a man a my age?"

Uncle Abe for once was surprised into an honest reply.

"No, dang me, I don't!" he exclaimed, looking with amazement into the anxious face before him. Then recollecting himself he tried to recover lost ground. "I didn't think yeh meant her! I hed Phrony Briggs in my mind!"

"Phrony Briggs!" snorted the Deacon. "Her! Why, she haint nuther young ner religious, ner nuthin that I know of 'sept gushin'.

"Still she haint old, Dee-kin," said Abe with another exceedingly impressive lifting of the final accent. "Ner poor, ner bad-lookin, ner bad-shaped! I call her hansome, I do!"

"But she don't suit me!" retorted the Deacon angrily, and then pausing to consider: "Why d'ye think Hope wouldn't hev me, A-brum?"

"I wouldn't think no more 'bout her t'l's you, Dee-kin. I don't! Leastwise I did! She's too young an sentimental, an' ud think yeh was wrongin' yer wife an' fam'ly! She know'd yer mussus too well an' sot too much store by her goodness an' pashence. An then she knows yer gals, both on 'em s'older'n she is! An' the boys, too! She'd never think a' tryin t' mother Is-rul an' Hiram ner Ben! D'ye think she would, now? That would seem kinder unnateral ef anythin' would! More like her to marry Hi er Ben!"

"Mebbe! Mebbe! Likenuff!" answered the disconsolate widower sullenly. "But stranger things hev come t' pass an' mebbe thet may!" and as he recalled the ride home from his wife's funeral when he held Hope's hand in his he softly rubbed his hand against his cheek.

"Of course; of course. Askin' haint no insult, an' if she wont, no harm done, unless she tells yer gals! Go kinder slow 'lih her, I'd say! An' keep lookin' round an' mebbe ye'll see someone else fer yer mind t' git yer hev—fer'll hev you" Uncle Abe added under his breath.

"I gess yer right A-brum! I'll hev t' be goin!"

"Stay t' dinner!"

He stayed; and while doing ample justice to Mrs. Gaylor's cooking he complained that his girls couldn't cook fer a cent like other folks. Tall, slim Frank Gaylor, who loved Bessie Jones and had often told his mother how good a housekeeper she was, glared at the Deacon, without daring to contradict him. Mrs. Gaylor heard it all in silence and made mental notes of the widower's repeated reference to his loneliness and discomforts since "his loss," and after the visitor had gone she, with considerable curiosity and much disquiet, took her husband aside and spoke her mind.

"So he's huntin' for a second wife a'ready?"

"Yes, hot-foot!" answered her spouse in deep disgust, "an' of all the danged, pesky, lovesick fools I ever seed he's the foolishest and sickest. Wy, the dratted critter wants teh marry Hope Campton!"

"Wh-a-a-at!"

"Yes, s'help me. He told me all about it. I draw'd him out like a tape line, an' sympathized till he got soft as mush an' went on till I come nigh gittin' ragged."

"The old fool!"

"Yer right mother; he's the wust kind a' fool!"

"What'll he be in six months, mother, ef he keep goin' on. An' drat him, he much as told me he thought ye gittin' kinder sour on th' way home from his wife Marier's buryin'."

"The heartless old wretch! I never want t' see him no more, Alfred, so tell him!" cried Mrs. Gaylor, wrapping her hands in her apron and locking the picture of disgust.

(To be Continued.)

Couldn't Compete With Students.

He had just come from the East and was putting on a good deal of style.

Finally he was waited on one night by a lot of cowboys, one of whom said: "There's a tenderfoot in town, and we are going to show him life in the West."

"Gentlemen," he said, "I was hazed at college."

The cowboys slunk away, one by one.

Daniel's Day Done.

Teacher (at the Mission Sunday School)—Yes, children, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but not one of them dared touch him. How strange!

Pupil (scornfully)—Aw, dat's nuthin'; I seen a duck do that act in the cirkis las' year.—*Tid Bits.*

The Unselfish Sex.

He (ardently)—I'd give a thousand millions to win your love, Adelaide.

She—Cash!

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CHAPTER IV.

Almost daily George and Adelaide met, till Lady St. Quentin came down, and then Adelaide's days were no longer at her own command. She was glad almost of an excuse to get off seeing George. Their secret weighed heavier and heavier on her, and a coldness she could hardly manage to hide from George's quick eyes—a shrinkage from him which wounded him, though he hardly understood it—went far to mar the harmony of their intercourse.

"Pale and ill you look, Adelaide!" cried Lady St. Quentin. "Hetherington, what has she been doing?"

"Doing! Fretting in this dreary place. She'll be all right when the shooting begins, Cicely," he replied with a smile.

"Shooting won't amuse me," Adelaide answered languidly.

The earl looked at her sharply.

"No; but the shooters may!" he laughed. And as Adelaide turned away with a blush he was satisfied that her paleness arose from fretting after her absent lover.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and in Almadale's case this was true. A fortnight's separation from Adelaide made his love for her warmer than ever. He longed to see her again, and positively counted the days till the 1st of September.

He met Adelaide almost as if he considered himself an accepted lover. His warmth and open admiration almost frightened the girl. He scarcely left her alone for an hour in the day, and it was with the utmost difficulty now that Adelaide could find an opportunity of meeting George.

His humor terrified her when they did meet. He was no longer the humble, timid lover, fearful of offending her, eager to win her slightest smile. He was the jealous husband, the exacting master; vexed if she did not keep her appointment to the minute; jealous of all the men with whom she was surrounded and insisting on knowing how Adelaide passed her time with them, where she went, and with whom.

"Aunt Cicely is always there, George," Adelaide would say; "do you think she would let me do anything that was not right?"

"But I do not care to see my wife going out riding with Lord Henry and Captain Wilford, nor driving with the Duke of Almadale," would be the half-sullen reply.

"Papa was riding with us, and Aunt Cicely was in the carriage," Adelaide had said.

"Yes; the earl a mile behind and Lady St. Quentin asleep," he had retorted. "Oh! I feel degraded, shamed, when I see my wife made love to by these fine gentlemen, and I not daring to say a word."

Then Adelaide had fired up and spoken angrily. A quarrel had supervened. There were tears and reproaches, and the two had separated on several occasions, thoroughly wretched and dissatisfied with each other.

It was hard to say which was most wretched, Adelaide or George. He was jealous, and bitterly disappointed with his wife. He reproached himself a thousand times with having urged her to marry him secretly. It would have been far better to have waited and won her openly, or lost her honestly, than have induced her to marry him clandestinely, for her to wake later on to the fact that she had made a terrible mistake.

He was miserable when he thought of it. How would Adelaide bear her life, her quiet country life, with him now? A year ago, had she come to him, she would have been happy; now her mind, and tastes and habits had undergone a great change—she was a different woman.

Yet she was his wife, and must endure her lot, and he began to think that the sooner he took her to the Manor Farm the better it would in the end be for her and him. But he loved her madly still, and was loth to do anything she disliked.

Adelaide's misery was purely selfish. She regretted the life she would have to leave; she regretted all she would have to give up—the fine company, the fine clothes, the jewels, the money. Aunt Cicely had been right—George was not her equal; his ways and manners jarred on her terribly. What would her life be like passed at the Farm with only him and old Gilbert? What amusement, what occupation would she have. She would die of *ennui* before she had been there six months.

Then she contrasted her fate as it was to what it would have been had she never seen George Yorke, and a dull, despairing rage filled her bosom; and then came the tormenting thought that dyed her cheek with shame, of what all her friends and acquaintances would say when they knew the truth.

She could picture to herself Ella Roche's scorn, the duke's pain and disgust and the contempt and ill-natured amusement of the world in general.

Soon in her heart she began to blame George. "He knew the world better than I did, and he led me on. He loves me, doubtless, though his temper is horrible; but, of course, he thought it a fine thing to marry an earl's daughter with ten thousand pounds. Oh, it was wicked, cruel of him, to persuade me! I can never, never persuade him."

And in this frame of mind, and after a long tete-a-tete with Almadale, who was more vehement than ever in urging his suit, and who was entreating her daily to give him a decided answer to it, Adelaide, one fine night in September, went out to meet her husband. Not in the Chestnut avenue this time, however—it was too near the Castle, and the gentlemen were wont on a fine evening to smoke in the park till a late hour—but in a wood on the hillside, a quarter of a mile from the Castle.

Lady St. Quentin was safe in bed, this time really laid up with neuralgia, and Lady Adelaide knew she need not fear her room being invaded by that lady after bedtime; and dressing herself in a dark gown and cloak, in no very amiable mood she went to the rendezvous.

The moon was up, but dark clouds drove across it at short intervals. Adelaide shuddered as the wind whistled through the yellowing leaves of the trees, and wrapped her cloak closely around her.

Standing in the shade at the entrance of the wood was George. From his attitude she knew at once that his humor was anything but a happy one, and her anger rose.

"You are late," he said, kissing her coldly.

"They were late going to bed," she replied. "I couldn't get away sooner; I couldn't leave them."

"No, you couldn't, as you say; that's just what annoys me," he said, his temper getting the better of him. "My wife must stay and play the agreeable to these fellows, whilst her husband waits their pleasure outside."

Adelaide laughed shortly.

"It's no use being angry with me, George," she said, sullenly.

"So it seems. I don't believe you care whether I am angry or pleased."

"You certainly are going the way to make me not care," she answered, hotly. "I believe men in a certain position in life do look on their wives as little better than brute beasts, but I thought you were a little above them, George Yorke."

It was the first time she had ever alluded to the difference in their positions, and George's heart froze with a sudden sense of fear.

"Adelaide," he said, stopping suddenly, "do you hate me? Or have you still a little love left for me?"

She shook off his hand pettishly.

"Hate you! Who ever said such a thing! Don't be foolish, George; if you would but be reasonable we should get on far better than we do."

He sighed deeply.

"Adelaide," he said, in a low, firm voice, "my patience is exhausted; this must come to an end. I cannot let you remain longer at Yardly."

"You cannot let me remain at Yardly?" she cried.

"No; I have the right to take you away—remember that." And he put his hand into his secret pocket, and then withdrew it with a start.

For the first time the certificate of their marriage had been forgotten by him. He had locked it away the evening before in an old cash-box of Gilbert Yorke's, and put it in the cupboard in his father's room.

"It's safe enough," he muttered.

"What is safe?" she asked.

"That which will prove to every one that you are mine—mine till death!" he replied. "Adelaide, you must come home to me. Sweet wife! you used to long for the day to come when you would be my wife indeed. And now it has come, does it bring no joy with it?"

As he spoke, he tried to take Adelaide in his arms. She shrank away from him, white as a ghost.

"Why—who don't you take up your gun and shoot me?" she said, in a low, savage tone.

"Shoot you, sweetheart!" he said, wildly taking up the gun and throwing it on his shoulder. "Bah, Adelaide! What are you talking of? The gun is not loaded, even."

They walked on for a few paces together in silence.

"How long do you give me?" she asked, looking at his wild, passionate face, with the angry eyes and firmest mouth. "When are you going to——"

"To claim you before the world? To-morrow, lass—to-morrow! I can wait no longer!"

"To-morrow!" she whispered.

"Why, Adelaide," he said, curiously, "but that I know how brave you are, I should say you were frightened—afraid to come home to me, your husband, who adores, worships you! How is that, Adelaide! Stay! I am jealous of you! You drive me wild! Have you been true to me in word and thought, as well as in deed, all these months?"

The moon shone out, and lighted up her pale face.

"Yes," she whispered; "yes, George."

"Then why do you fear me?" he asked. "Adelaide, my darling, love me as I love you, and we shall be happy. We will forget all this sad time, all this separation. You shall say good-bye to your old life, and bid defiance to the false friends who despise us and will despise you. What will it matter to us, love, what they think or——"

His arm was round her, and she was leaning, half-faint with terror, on his shoulder. But in an instant they started apart.

Footsteps were close to them; there was a rustling in the bushes; there were others in the coppice beside themselves.

"Go—go!—fly!—save yourself!" cried George. And in an instant Adelaide was hidden amongst the bushes on the side of the path, and flying, as if for life, towards the castle.

Cries and shouts fell on her ear as she sped along—cries and curses—then several gunshots—a terrible cry, and she reached the gate of the shrubbery; and, almost regardless of being seen by any of the occupants of the castle, she rushed across the garden and gained the shelter of the house.

What had happened? Who had made the disturbance? Who had fired? Who had been hurt? Not George? And for an instant her heart stood still with terror.

She rushed to the window and threw it open, and listened. She fancied she could hear voices in the far distance; but the wind was sighing amongst the trees, and the rain was pattering on the great stone flags that surrounded the castle; and she could make out nothing.

In an agony of terror she sat for some time by the open window, listening. But all was quiet, and, half an hour later, she crept up to bed.

She rose next morning with a start, and the remembrance of what had passed returned to her. She felt ill—her head ached, and her hands burned; her feet almost refused to carry her as she tottered across the room. Was she going to be ill—had she caught a cold in the woods the night before, or had the damp of the old Castle at last given her the attack of rheumatism Aunt Cicely had always threatened her with?

"I look hideous!" she said to herself. "But what does it matter if I am to live at the farm with George and his old father for the rest of my days? I'm as pale and wan as death! Well, if I were to die it would be all the better. George is cruel! I never could have believed that he would have treated me so."

Her dressing took her longer than usual. Her limbs seemed stiff, and her fingers awkward. Nevertheless, she refused Sarah's assistance. Her wet cloak and dress would have betrayed her; they must be disposed of before she could let the girl enter; and so it came to pass that before Adelaide came down all the party, saving Lady St. Quentin, were assembled in the breakfast-room.

The gentlemen including the earl, were all talking eagerly together. Her heart sank within her. She looked around inquiringly as she seated herself at the table.

"I hope you were not disturbed last night, Lady Adelaide?" said the duke anxiously. "You don't look well, and——"

"No, by Jove, you don't Lady Adelaide! I fear you heard the row," began Captain Wilfred.

"Why, Adelaide, child, what is it? This affair's frightened you, I fear. Very sad, isn't it?" began the earl.

"But what is the matter, father? I've heard nothing," faltered Lady Adelaide.

"What! Didn't that chatterbox Sarah tell you of the scrimmage with the poachers last night?" asked the earl. "It's a serious matter; Winch, they say, isn't likely to live."

"Who? Tom Winch, the keeper!" asked Adelaide much shocked.

"Yes; there were a dozen or more ruffians in the coppice there. And who do you think was among them? I would not have believed it, not if a dozen men had sworn to it, if he had not been taken red-handed."

"What, that handsome-looking fellow!" said the duke.

"Yes, George Yorke—Bonnie George Yorke. He shot Winch, they say. Why, good heavens, Adelaide, you're fainting! you're ill, indeed!"

And the duke, starting up, caught Adelaide in his arms as she fell from her chair with a low groan.

"She looks miserably ill. They oughtn't to have let her get up, the fools!" cried the earl, "and I oughtn't to have told her the news so abruptly! I forgot George Yorke used to be an acquaintance of hers when she was a child. Ah, she's coming round! A drop more wine, duke! She's all right now. Why, you look as white as a sheet yourself!"

Adelaide opened her eyes to see Almadale bending over her. The first glance at him recalled George to her mind. It wasn't true then! She smiled gently. Then it all came back to her, and she shuddered.

"Let me take you upstairs, Lady Adelaide," said the duke, tenderly. "This sad news was too much for you; you were feeling ill when you came in, I saw."

"Yes, yes—my head aches," she faltered. "But is it true? Has George—Mr. George Yorke——"

"They say so; but it is not proved that he fired the shot. Do not trouble yourself about your old acquaintance, Lady Adelaide. We will see that he has fair play!" he returned.

"But—but he was not with the poachers, surely?" cried Adelaide. "He—he would never—he is not a man to——"

"I fear there is no doubt that he was with the poachers," replied the duke, gravely, "and that he assisted in beating off the keepers. As you say, it is an extraordinary thing that a young man in a respectable position should be mixed up in such an affair."

"It must be a mistake," said Adelaide earnestly.

Then she caught the duke's eyes fixed on her rather wonderfully and her father's voice fell again on her ears.

"He's been spoilt, that young Yorke; last season, I'm told, he made free of my coverts, and was seen lurking about in the woods at all hours of the night. If he's shut up in prison for a year or two it will be a lesson to him. If Winch dies of his wound it may go hard with him; it will be a case of penal servitude for a long term," said the earl.

Adelaide shivered and turned white again. Penal servitude! George, her husband, a convict—a felon!

She had reached the door of her own room by this time; the duke left her, and her father placed her on the sofa.

"I shall send for Dorton Creswick, child; you look wretched. Here Sarah; have a fire lighted and look after Lady Adelaide. Where is Lady St. Quentin? Not up yet!—ill! By Jove! we shall have a hospital here! Don't come down to lunch, Adelaide, but remain here quietly."

And the earl left the room, looking much put out. It quite spoiled his party, both the ladies being laid up at the same time.

Lady St. Quentin was about again. The story of the previous night's occurences had been told her by her maid, and she had also learned how ill Adelaide was.

"Of course," she thought to herself angrily. "I knew how it was all along. Adelaide had a weakness for that handsome farmer, and now, no doubt, she is shocked to find what sort of a man he has proved to be. Well, she will be cured of her little *penchant* now, at any rate, but she must not be allowed to make a fool of herself. I must go and rouse her up."

But when Lady St. Quentin visited Adelaide, she found her in a violent fever, and aching from head to foot.

Doctor Creswick arrived and pronounced her to be suffering from a violent chill and rheumatism.

"Ah, this terribly damp old place!" sighed Lady St. Quentin, seriously put out. "We ought never to come here; there is no saying how long she may be laid up, and the duke will have to go without seeing her again most likely and nothing will be settled between them. It is too provoking!"

And real tears stood in Lady St. Quentin's eyes.

(To be Continued.)

A Christmas present which will be appreciated by every one is a Queen's Favorite Toilet Box, to be had at all drug and fancy stores.

THE MARKET BULLETIN.

Barley keeps about the same,
No change in price of wheat,
The price of Furniture is down
At WALKER'S, on QUEEN STREET.

Hogs show a slight improvement,
While sheep is rather quiet;
The low price of clothes at WALKER'S
Is causing quite a riot.

Butter is still upon the rise,
Eggs are scarce and small,
And WALKER on his Household Goods
Still makes the prices fall.

The trade in STOVES is on the boom,
CARPETS, BLANKETS, RUGS, the same;
At the Pioneer Payment Store,
WALKER is the name.

And so the market fluctuates—
Prices sometimes up, then down;
But WALKER keeps the same all through—
The cheapest man in town.

No matter how the markets go up, WALKER, the Universal Benefactor, keeps his prices away down, and can sell you anything you require—from a drawing-room Suite to a Door Mat.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, LAMPS, CROCKERY-WARE, STOVES, NOBBY SUITS, THICK OVERCOATS, JACKETS, MANTLES—all at spot cash prices, and will only ask you for a small payment down, the balance by WEEKLY OR MONTHLY INSTALMENTS, to suit yourselves.

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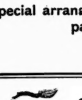

MANTLES AT TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT

OUR MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Has suffered; beginning to thin out; goods don't seem to stay at our prices. We hardly wonder at it. We have still left

JACKETS

Of Black Lamb, well finished, easy fitting and warm at $3.10, less 10 per cent.—$2.70 net. Double Kersey Cloth Jackets trimmed with beaver, collar and cuffs of beaver, raised seams, thick useful jackets, $13.50—that is, $15 less our ten per cent. discount.

PALETOTS

In Ottoman Cloth for $3.60—$4.00 less our discount. Cloth Dolmanettes, lamb trimmed, $4.90 less the ten per cent. Black Lamb Dolmanettes, astrachan trimmed, full size, $6.75 less discount. Frise Brocade Dolmanettes, black and in colors, $15 up, less discount. Silk Brocaded Matalasse Dolmanette, warmly quilted, satin lined, fur trimmed, $15 up, less the ten per cent. Plush Dolmanettes, with feather, fur and chenille trimming, from $30 up, discount off.

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Inferior Goods, which you see quoted at extremely low figures, are a fraud to the purchaser and never appreciated as a gift. Ladies' Sealskin Mantles. Ulsters, Dolmans, English Walking Jackets, Walking Hats, Caps and Gauntlets. Gentlemen's Fur Coats or Every Description, Sea Otter Caps, Adjustable Collars and Cuffs, Gauntlets, etc. Buffalo and Fancy Sleigh Robes.

J. & J. LUGSDIN, 101 Yonge St. Toronto.

N.B.---Highest Cash Price Paid for All Kinds of Raw Furs.

The Granite Curling Club.

Though curling is a Scotch game, and was first brought into Canada by those whose eyes were familiar with the blue hills and laughing lochs of Scotland, and though it is played here to-day almost exclusively by Scotchmen or their descendants, it is becoming more and more a Canadian game, and Canadians generally recognize it as a fine winter sport. The conditions for playing it here are peculiarly favorable. The crisp cold and the fine ice are things of joy to the curling enthusiast. From the time the spring's warm sun first melts the

shedded ice, until the nipping frost reasserts itself, he yearns for the "could blast," so that he may try his skill again. The Scotch curler has no such ice to curl on as the Canadian curler has. There the rinks are rough and lumpy, and the character of the play is totally changed in consequence. So pronounced is this, that when a well-known Scotch curler came out here a year or two ago, he found himself worse than useless almost on Canadian rinks. His breast glittered with medals and decorations won in the Old Country by his curling supremacy, but here the veriest tyro could give him points, and beat him. Possibly Canadian curlers would make just such a disastrous showing on Scotch rinks, but they seem to think not, and rather boastfully intimate that they can beat the world.

In one respect, at any rate, the curlers of Canada, and more particularly of Toronto, do stand head and shoulders above them all, and that is in having what is by long odds the largest curling club in the world. Of that there is no question. It stands to-day a monument of the whole-souled and hearty manner in which Canadians go in for whatever they undertake. The conditions were favorable, and success became its portion.

The Granite Curling Club came into existence in a modest way in June of 1875. It was started at a meeting held by J. Lamond Smith, (since dead), Thomas McCraken, Robert Carrie, W. B. McMurrich and W. B. Scarth. Mr. Smith was elected president, Mr. McCraken vice-president and Mr. Scarth secretary-trea-

PRESIDENT R. K. BURGESS.

surer. Among other original members of the club were John Turner, Archibald Campbell, Robert Cochrane, Thomas Armstrong, Wm. Ramsay, Alex. Nairn, Stephen Nairn, J. E. Smith, Arthur Harvey, Weir Anderson, Remy Emsley, Dr. Richardson, R. H. Bethune, J. D. Edgar, W. Badnach, Alex. Boyd, S. H. James, Fred Wyld, Robert Jaffray, Wm. Christie, John Palmer, jr., John Patterson, (since dead), Andrew Green, W. F. Davison, Wm. Davidson and J. L. Brodie. Sir John A. MacDonald was the club's patron and Rev. R. D. Fraser its chaplain.

PRESIDENT D. R. WILKIE.

Two lots were leased on the south si deof St. Mary street, west of the old reservoir, and a frame building covering two rinks of ice was erected. The club remained there for five years. On March 11, 1880, a meeting was called to consider the advisability of organizing a joint stock company to purchase a property for the club. At this meeting the company was formed and a committee was appointed to purchase the property on Church street where the club's commodous buildings are now situated, and which in those days was Ross' market garden. The capital of the company was placed at $12,000 and the whole amount was subscribed before the meeting broke up. The directors were elected and when the rink was built their names were handed down to posterity in blazing gold letters sunk in a red-granite slab, which ornaments a wall within the rink, and on which this legend runs:

GRANITE RINK
ERECTED 1880.

DIRECTORS.
WM. RAMSAY, PRESDT.
D. M. MCEWEN, V. PRESDT.
WM. BADNACH, SEC'Y.
ALEX. NAIRN
W. F. DAVISON
R. K. BURGESS
W. R. TAYLOR
R. H. BETHUNE
W. G. P. CASSELS
J. CARLYLE, M. D.

NORMAN B. DICK, ARCHITECT.
CONTRACTORS:
J. L. THOMPSON,
CRANY AND HARRIS.

PRESIDENT G. S. CRAWFORD.

As soon as the company was organized, operations were commenced. The charter was obtained and the building was erected and opened in 1880. The club grew so that it was found necessary to purchase the house adjoining, which was done, the house now forming part of the whole handsome premises. Two years ago the Snarr property was purchased, and in 1886 the new rink was erected on the rear portion of it. The grounds now comprise over an acre and a half, on which the two large rinks and the club premises are built.

PRESIDENT J. E. M'DOUGALL.

The new rink is used exclusively for curling in the winter, and is one of the largest and handsomest covered rinks in America. The old rink is used now almost exclusively for skating. Between the two rinks stretches the lawn, a magnificent expanse of level green, which is used for skating in the winter and, in the summer time, lawn tennis, bowls and other amusements of a similar nature. As a tennis lawn it is one of the finest in the country, and during the summer is at the disposal of the lady friends of the members from ten to two daily.

The Granite Club is not devoted exclusively to curling and skating. It embraces whist and tennis clubs that are recognized as the peers of any similar clubs in Canada. Altogether the membership is now nearly 500, and includes the leading bankers, brokers and business men of the city generally. Its quarters are handsome, commodious, costly and artistically ornamented, and as, with its sporting element, it combines all the advantages of the down town social clubs, has its reading, dining, billiard and smoking rooms, it is scarcely to be wondered that it has proved so pronounced a success.

The crack curlers of the club have more than once shown their prowess on the rink. One year they succeeded in winning in the competition for the Ontario tankard of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. As there are some ninety clubs in the competition, embracing the best curlers of Ontario, it will be seen that the winning of the tankard is no easy task. In the club reading room hangs the bannerette that accompanied the tankard, and a large photograph of that ornate bit of silverwork, surrounded by the winners, picturesquely posed, hangs near it. The gentlemen represented are, R. Myles, B. Lacon, Norman B. Dick and W. Badenach, skip, comprising the one rink, and J. W. Dec. O'Grady, R. B. Hamilton. W. C. Matthews, and C. C. Dalton, skip, the other.

SATURDAY NIGHT has pleasure in presenting with this resume of the club's life, portraits of the four gentlemen who are its present heads—R. K. Burgess, D. R. Wilkie, G. S. Crawford and Hon. J. E. McDougall. Of the Granite Club as a whole R. K. Burgess is president, C. C. Dalton, vice-president, and W. G. P. Cassels, R. Jaffray, Jas. Hedley, Dr. Carlyle, Walter Taylor, D. R. Wilkie and E. B. Osler are the directors. W. Badenach is the secretary-treasurer, and Walter Gibbs the resident secretary.

The Granite Curling Club is officered as follows:—D. R. Wilkie, president; Jas. Hedley, vice-president. Committee — C. C. Dalton (chairman), W. Badenach, R. Jaffray, Dr. Jas. Carlyle, Walter Taylor and W. O. Thornton. T. G. Williamson is the hon. secretary.

The officers of the Granite Lawn Tennis Club are G. S. Crawford, president; G. W. Meyer, vice-president; W. Gibbs, captain. A. Ford, C. C. Dalton, B. Lacon, W. Badenach, W. H. Blessdell, R. H. Bowes and C. Carpmael, committee, and A. J. Hollyer, hon. secretary.

Of the Granite Whist and Chess Club Judge McDougall is the president; J. C. Kemp, vice-president. C. C. Dalton, R. H. Tomlinson, W. Badenach, J. E. Robertson and C. Carpmael, committee, and W. H. Merritt, hon. secretary.

The Household.

Any queries addressed to An Old Housekeeper, care Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, will be cheerfully responded to.

It was not the preparations for which most people are pleased to call "This festive season" that prevented my sending a more worthy contribution last week, but something very much more common-place, and, to my sorrow, very much more in my line—"the rheumatiz;" but, meagre as was the quality of recipes, I can vouch for their practical excellence, although I wrote them "out of my head," or, rather, as the man did the picture of the camel, "evolved" them "from the depths of my inner consciousness," and from the recesses of a very comfortable sofa. This week I want to tell you what I know about curry—real Indian curry this, not the insipid, drab-colored hash so frequently masquerading under that name. Often, in this connection, the memory of two very queer people irresistibly occurs to me. One is a lady of commanding station and proportionate dignity. She was renowned, if for nothing else, at least for the decided superiority of her curries. But if, while praising them, anyone were bold enough to proffer a mild request for a wrinkle or two, her ladyship used to draw herself up, and, in the most frigid tone, crush the luckless offender with, "Pray don't ask for my recipes; I make a point of *never* giving them." Poor, selfish old woman! She has departed hence, however, and taken her recipe with her, though I am quite positive that it won't ——. Whew! I was very nearly saying something uncharitable—and in Toronto, too, of all places!—so just here let me lay to heart one of the curiously few moral maxims contributed towards my early education by a remarkably handsome, but, if the truth must be told, a somewhat graceless pater—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

The other form that looms up before me in memory's magic fane is that of an old Anglo-Indian. Bluff, cheery, loud-voiced and decidedly vulgar, he presents, to my mind's-eye, as ludicrous a contrast to the above-mentioned dame as can well be imagined. "Curry," he used to ejaculate with withering scorn when offered any of English manufacture. "You people don't know how to make it. To begin with, you haven't of the chief flavoring ingredient," and then, with a characteristic gesture and a vigorous "swish" of his wrinkled old hand across his temples, he sought to convey to our benighted minds just what this particular flavor was. After listening, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, for the first time to this truly remarkable theory, my rest was disturbed by haunting visions of an army of perspiring and half-clad native cooks sweltering over their saute pans of steaming curry. Subsequently, however, I heard him repeat the same tale so often, with such evident enjoyment of the dismay it usually created among his feminine listeners, that, with the precocity of youth, I began shrewdly to suspect that it was a hoax. But I really believe he had laughed over it so often himself that he didn't recognize it as a creation of his own startling imagination.

He, too, lang syne, has gone to swell the great majority (but, hoary old sinner though he was, let us hope not to a sphere where such heated condiments are at a discount), but I never think of him without feeling that, did he still live to tell his Indian yarn, I should never be able to resist the temptation to drown his unctuous tones with the clarion notes of the "chestnut bell." But I am telling you of days considerably over a quarter of a century ago, and we were so far behind the age as not to possess that useful article of modern invention. However, this isn't giving you a recipe for curry—so to begin.

Firstly, whatever meat you use must be cut into quite small pieces, so as not to necessitate the use of a knife (if you will eat it in correct Indian fashion it will be with a fork and dessert-spoon). Then the color must be a rich dark brown. The curry of the formidable female I told you of above was almost black, but, like the secret of the Tyrian purple, this one also is lost to the world. So I can only give you my way, and it isn't half a bad way either.

Cut whatever meat you purpose using (chicken, of course, is preferable, but veal or pork are not to be despised) into inch pieces. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into an iron stew-pan or "spider." When quite hot, put in the meat, sprinkle one tablespoonful of curry powder over it and fry richly. Remove the meat, put in another piece of butter and fry also brown two large onions, ditto sour apples, both cut in thin slices. While these are doing—be careful they are not the least burned—prepare a sauce as follows: Mix smoothly together one tablespoonful curry powder, ditto Captain White's curry paste, one pickled walnut mashed fine with the back of a spoon, half a cup of treacle—the darkest you can buy—ditto of canned tomato, a small half cup of walnut pickle vinegar and one cup of good stock. This quantity is for two pounds of meat. When the onions and apples are quite cooked add the meat and other ingredients, stir all well together, salt to taste, cover closely and set where it will just simmer for two hours, stirring occasionally. If too sweet add the juice of a lemon just before serving. If not sweet enough add sugar as desired, moistened with a little of the gravy. It ought to be a happy mixture of sweet and sour. Pile in the centre of a hot dish, and serve with a border of well cooked rice.

A STAIGHT TIP.

You can't make good curry, no matter what care you may bestow upon it, unless you have really good curry powder. Ask at Hooper's for Mrs. Kelly's, and you will have the best in the market. They don't keep it in stock, but will make it to order.

A Freak of Nature.

An ugly girl, a handsome face,
And no one can tell whether
It comes by Fate's especial plan,
But—given a corner and a fan,
You'll find them there together!

An ugly man, a handsome girl,
This rule, too, seems most certain:
Wherever dancers glide and twirl,
They're sitting, safe from glare and whirl,
Paired off—behind a curtain.

Men are more gentlemanly than woman as a general thing.

Knox
THE FURRIER AND HATTER,
Queen Street West, a Few Doors West of Yonge,
Is now showing a full line of
Ladies' and Gents' Fur Goods, Fur Trimmings, &c.
Prices much below down-town houses. Quality just as good.
Special parlor for Ladies.
AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF
GENTS' FUR CAPS
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Including Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., for the
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We have all the Latest Styles in Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's Boy's and Youth's Goods. Nice selection of Men's Fancy Slippers.
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OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:
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WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.
ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED
CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS
And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.
Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs
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Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

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Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

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Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

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Music.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 2.—Faust, National Opera Co., Toronto Opera House.
TUESDAY, Jan. 3.—Lohengrin, National Opera Co., Toronto Opera House.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—Queen of Sheba, National Opera Co., Toronto Opera House.
Service of Praise, Church of the Ascension.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11.—Service of Praise, Church of the Redeemer.
FRIDAY, Jan. 13.—Concert, Ladies' Aid Society, St. Stephen's School-house.
TUESDAY, Jan. 17.—Concert, Toronto Vocal Society, Pavilion.

The principal event of the past week was the Philharmonic Society's performance of the Messiah. When this society decided early in November upon singing Handel's master-work, its conclusion met with approval on all sides, as Toronto is now large enough and of sufficient musical strength to fully support an annual performance of this oratorio, and thus follow the great English choruses. Of the performance itself, it is difficult to speak in other terms than those of praise. In the old days Mr. Torrington used to call on his singers for the "Philharmonic tone," and he himself must have been forced to acknowledge that on this occasion he had it to the top of his bent.

•

The chorus was never better balanced, and was fortunate in having leaders in all parts, who thoroughly knew the work, and who were endowed with the courage to make bold and full attacks. The Messiah is a curious work to handle, as it brings out a lot of old choristers who knew it too well to wish to attend regular practices, and yet cannot well do without regular practices. The consequence is that the conductor is troubled with what may be called a kaleidoscopic chorus, one which is always changing its constituent parts. Be this as it may, the chorus gave forth a noble full, tone, resonant and prompt, crisp and decided, and altogether, I have never heard the Messiah sung more solidly and clearly than on Tuesday evening. The orchestra had a heavy load of continuous hard work to do, and acquitted itself most creditably. Mistakes were made and shaky places were evident, but the same catastrophes have been observable here where professional orchestras were used, and the experience of such performances will improve the band in time.

•

Mme. Valda has a beautiful voice, flexible and expressive, and has an excellent manner of using it, with perhaps a trace of uncertainty in her higher notes when not sung at full force. Her singing was full of expressive power, but lacked a little in the refinement and dignity of delivery which is the essential in oratorio singing. In this respect, Mr. Wilbur Gunn, the tenor, was her superior, his voice, though comparatively light, was of good clear timbre and of very equal delivery. His runs were delightfully easy and even in their rendition. Miss Ryan was at her best as to dramatic force, though a greater clearness and robustness of tone, such as she has at command, would have been welcomed.

•

The four gentlemen who sang the bass solos, Messrs. Schuch, Curren, Blight and Warrington sang well and were warmly received. Mr. Clarke played the trumpet part to the latter singer's solo very poorly, and must have troubled Mr. Warrington very considerably. Mr. Torrington's satisfaction with such a generally excellent performance, rehearsed in so short a time must have been great.

•

I was surprised to see so few people on their feet during the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus. This time-honored custom dates back to the first performance in England of the oratorio when King George II. was so much pleased with this chorus that he sent word to Mr. Handel, asking for its repetition. When it was re-commenced he rose in his place and remained standing until its close, an example which was followed by all the audience, and which has been the fashion ever since.

•

A couple of bombshells have been dropped into the musical camp during the past week. The Choral Society has announced its intention of organizing a musical festival to commemorate its tenth anniversary, and has already had the extraordinary good fortune, according to the papers, to have received perfectly voluntary subscriptions to a guarantee fund. Its scheme is an ambitious one, involving nothing less than the engagement of Thomas', or Gericke's, orchestra, and solo talent of presumably equal excellence. The size of this undertaking may be imagined when it is known that to secure either of these organizations for three concerts will cost from ten to twelve thousand dollars. The scheme is nothing, if not courageous.

•

The other is Mr. Torrington's announcement of an orchestral school and college of music, to be operated under his direction. His success with the amateur orchestra is no small warrant for this step, and an institution where proper and systematic teaching, with a view to the eventual qualification of the student for professional work, is made the first and last aim of its course, would meet a decided want, not only in Toronto, but in the province at large.

•

All musicians in the province will be pained to hear of the great bereavement of Mr. Theodore Martens. Losing in the space of a few days, his wife and two children, and being prostrated on a sick bed himself, surely all brothers in the profession will extend to him their heartfelt sympathy.

•

The Vocal Society is hard at work at its programme for the 17th. In addition to the part singing for which it has won so high a reputation, it will then offer Miss Robinson and Mrs. J. F. Thomson as solo vocalists and Fraulein Adele Aus-Der-Ohe, a young lady who has achieved a very high reputation as a pianist.

•

I have a letter from Mr. C. A. Shaw, of the Toronto Opera House, in which he draws my attention to the fact that Faust, though done here before, has never been sung on the scale of Monday's performance. The full ballet and a chorus of 75 will be in the bill, which in itself makes a great difference, and there can be no doubt as to the effectiveness of the performance.

METRONOME.

Out of Town.

INGERSOLL.

The Tilsonburg assembly, which was to have been held on the 28th, has been postponed for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Geo. A. Stimson, of Toronto, has been spending Christmas with his parents here.

Dr. E. C. Eshelby, of St. Paul, an old Ingersoll boy, is spending the Christmas holidays here. The doctor is immensely popular among his acquaintances, and they are all pleased to know that he is doing well.

A great many former residents of the town are home spending Christmas, among them being Henry J. Hearn and wife, of Detroit; Frank A. Brody, of Montreal; Jack Wells, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. Secord, of Regina, N.W.T., daughter of Mr. John Christopher; George Watterworth, of Toronto; Major R. Y. Ellis, of Toronto, and Wm. Sutherland, of London.

A large party to be given by Mrs. G. A. Thompson on Wednesday evening will be the event of the week.

UNO.

HAMILTON.

Mr. Allen W. Johnson, a prominent and promising young man, who for the past nine years has been with Messrs. James Turner & Co., left that firm's employ last week. The relations between the firm and himself have been somewhat strained for the last few months. Should Mr. Johnson leave the city, his loss will be greatly felt, both socially and otherwise.

BARRIE.

Mrs. John Forsyth gave a large and brilliant party on Friday evening last. About sixty invitations were issued. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mockridge, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mackidd, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Nicholson, Miss Stevenson, Miss Kate Stevenson, Miss Grace Stevenson, Miss Holmes, Miss Miller, Mr. Thos. R. Boys, Miss Boys, Miss Kate Boys, Mr. Frank Baker, Mr. H. Kortright, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Hornsby, Miss Hiener, Mr. F. D. Lauder, Mr. Hale, Mr. MacGregor, Mr. E. Rogerson, Mr. W. Campbell, Miss Campbell, and Mr. F. Stevenson. This was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season. The party broke up shortly after midnight.

A number of young people spent a very enjoyable evening Saturday last at Mrs. J. H. Cotters'.

There is much talk about a bachelors' ball for Barrie since the officers of the 35th Battalion have decided not to hold their annual ball as in former years. It is rumored that a committee has been formed and is now making the necessary preliminary arrangements.

A large and enjoyable party was given by Mrs. J. A. McCarthy last Monday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryden, Collingwood; Miss Hornsby, Miss Kortright, Miss Baker, Miss Cotter, Miss M. Cotter, Messrs. T. Baker, Hamilton; J. F. Wray, Hamilton; F. Baker, F. Hornsby, J. S. Porter and F. Lauder. The party broke up about two o'clock.

Mrs. Dalton McCarthy of Toronto was in town last week visiting Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler.

Mrs. D. Holmes, Miss Morgan, Miss Miller, and Miss Holmes are visiting friends in Port Perry.

The following young ladies and gentlemen have returned home for the Christmas holidays: The Misses McConkey, Miss Dynes, Miss Thompson, and Messrs. H. T. Arnall, H. B. Thompson, A. Ardagh, George Fraser, and W. H. Spotton.

Mr. J. F. Wray, of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, spent Christmas in Barrie. He was the guest of Mr. D. Spry, P. O. Inspector.

BRANTFORD.

Mr. James Osborne's much-talked-of ball is at last definitely announced. Cards are out for January 13. Many guests are expected from neighboring cities, and it promises to be the ball of the season.

Mr. T. R. Billet, late of the Bank of Commerce here, now of Toronto, spent Monday in the city, the guest of Mr. E. L. Goold.

Mrs. F. T. Wilkes' enjoyable whist party of last week was followed by an equally enjoyable euchre evening on Thursday last. Twelve tables filled the spacious rooms, and the play was fast and furious.

Mr. Geo. B. Killmaster, of Killmaster, Mich., is here for the holidays visiting his sister, Mrs. Joseph Stratford, at Glenhurst. He is accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Harry Gustin, of the same place.

A pleasant dance was given by Mrs. John Bishop on Monday evening for her daughter, Miss May Bishop. The music was supplied by four members of the Bijou orchestra. They will be a great acquisition this winter, as they promise to practice to supply good dance music, which is more than Brantford has had for many a day.

Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, of London, Eng., spent Christmas in the city.

Miss Marks, of Bruce Mines, is spending the holidays with her former college friend, Miss Belle Killmaster, at Glenhurst.

Mr. Chas. M. Nellis was in Toronto last Saturday to attend the annual dinner of the Old Fifteen, at the Reform Club.

Dr. Hy. C. Allen, editor of the *Medical Advance*, Ann Arbor, Mich., spent Christmas day with Mr. E. L. Gould.

On Monday evening, Miss Goold gave a very pleasant children's party for her nephew and niece, Master Frank and Miss Marian Allen.

The initiative has already been taken with a view to keeping earlier hours both in opening and closing dances. If our ladies only appreciated the strain to which young men are put in order to fill business engagements, after several nights at fashionable dances, they would issue invitations with "From 7 to 12" in the corner. Several of our clergymen have taken up the question and are preaching—not total abstinence in dancing—but moderation and early hours. In the face of this, however, invitations to a large dance read: "At 9 p.m."

AUDREY.

Masonic.

Invitations for an At Home by St. John's Lodge No. 75, G. R. C., on Feb. 3rd, will be ready next week. It will be held at the Masonic Hall. The following brethren are chairmen of Committees: W. Bro. John Kerr, W. M., chairman of the General Committee; R. W. Bro. Bernard Saunders, chairman of the Reception Committee; W. Bro. John Erskine, refreshments; R. W. Bro. W. Simpson, music etc.; Bro. Hill, S. W., decorations. The members of St. John's are famous for doing all things well, and this assembly will be one of the best of the season. The Grand Master and other Grand Lodge officers will be invited.

Fred Mossop's Enterprise.

Handsome and elaborately furnished and fitted up lunch and dining rooms have just been opened to the public at the St. Charles restaurant, 70 Yonge Street Nothing handsomer has ever been attempted in Canada, and the proprietor's enterprise deserves recognition and support. Heretofore Toronto has been lacking in this respect, but now ladies and gentlemen are provided with suitable apartments.

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SKATING and CURLING CLUB

HURON STREET.

CITIZENS BAND IN ATTENDENCE THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

J. K. Kerr, President; W. Elliott Haslam, Musical Director.

The Society's first concert of the season will take place at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17.

Soloists—MRS. J. F. THOMSON, MISS ROBINSON, MLLE. AUS-DER-OHE, Her first appearance in Toronto.

H. BOURLIER, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

JACOBS & SHAW'S

Toronto Opera House

MONDAY, TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

JAN. 2, 3 & 4

NATIONAL OPERA

CHAS. E. LOCKE.....Proprietor and Manager
Director of the Stage.....WILLIAM HOCK
Musical Conductor.....GUSTAV HINRICHS

Three Performances of Grand Opera in English.

MONDAY, Jan. 2.—First time in its entirety in Toronto. Magnificent and complete production of Gounod's FAUST. In the fourth act—Grand Bacchanal Scene. Novel Mechanical and Electrical Effects.

TUESDAY, Jan. 3.—First time in Toronto of Wagner's Grand Romantic Opera in three acts, LOHENGRIN.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—First time in Toronto of Goldmark's Grand Spectacular Opera in five acts,

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Grand Ballet, Bee Dance of the Almees. Thrilling Sandstorm Scene in the Desert.

The following artists will positively appear during the National Opera Season in Toronto:

Soprano—Emma Juch, Amanda Fabris, and Bertha Pierson.

Contraltos—Clara Poe, Agnes Perring and Helen Ludington.

Tenors—Barton McGuckin, Joseph Pache and Chas. Bassett.

Basses and Baritones—Frank Vetta, Alonzo Stoddard, Andrew Black, Geo. H. Broderick, Wm. Merton and Wm. Ludwig.

Eminent Artists.

Grand Choir, 75 Voices.

Grand Ballet, 40 Dancers.

National Opera Orchestra of 50 Instrumentalists. The National Opera numbers 250 persons.

Magnificent Scenery, Costumes, Jewels, Armor, and Elaborate Mechanical and Electrical Effects.

Sale of tickets will commence at Nordheimer's Thursday, Dec. 29, at 9 a.m. No "season sale." Tickets sold for one or more performances to suit purchasers.

Prices—Lower floor, $3; balcony, $2 and $2.50, according to location; private boxes, $4 per seat; gallery, $1.

New Year's Calling.

Full evening dress is the ticket, and the earlier you begin to make your calls the more your taste in dress will be noticed if you adopt the following rules:

Wear a big, colored stone of some sort in the middle of your shirt front.

A very stiff stand-up collar is best, as it prevents you from forgetting to wear your elbows at the fashionable side-angle.

The collar should be *pf* linen. Cuffs may be paper or celluloid, provided the buttons are very large.

White choker, crush hat, pink gloves, patent-leather Oxfords and black silk stockings complete the costume.

If you are a politician, and wish to conciliate the Irish vote, carry a green silk handkerchief; otherwise red silk will do. No overcoat is allowable under any circumstances, no matter how cold the weather may be.

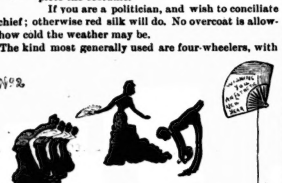
ATTENTION! COMPANY!

You must have a carriage, of course. The kind most generally used are four-wheelers, with seats for ten on a side; driver in front and footman behind.

The code of bell-signals as agreed upon by the best society everywhere is of great importance.

An eligible young man of moderate means, who has never been married, should pull the bell three times andante con moto. If very rich and correspondingly more eligible he may pull fortissimo as many times as he likes.

Old bachelors and widowers are entitled to four pulls as hard as they can drive. A married man with his encumbrances still in this world pulls once pianissimo, and goes promptly away if the door is not opened immediately.



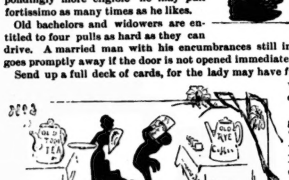
BY PLATOON—SALUTE!

Send up a full deck of cards, for the lady may have friends receiving with her, and they will want one apiece, in addition to the usual chromos.

Have something fresh to say when you greet your hostess on entering the room. "Hope I see you well," is entirely new, very original and extremely elegant. Repeat it on being introduced to the other ladies.

If your hostess simply bows without extending her hand you are to insist on shaking hands with her.

A graceful bow is very easy if you have the confidence which will naturally result from being dressed as prescribed above. For first, second and third positions of a perfect bow see figures 1, 2 and 5.

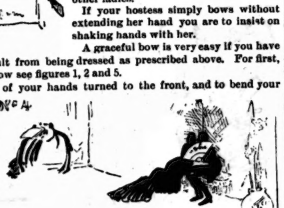


FALL IN FOR RATIONS.

It is very important to keep the backs of your hands turned to the front, and to bend your elbows outward. Heels together, toes well turned out.

If you sit down place yourself on the extreme edge of the chair, and hold your hat with both hands between your knees.

Should you secure a tete-a-tete with one of the ladies prolong it as much as possible, especially if other callers are coming and going in rapid succession. Ladies greatly enjoy being monopolized by one man at such times, if he happens to be the right one, which you will assume to be the case with you. If refreshments are offered eat and drink all you can get. It is considered a mark of refinement.

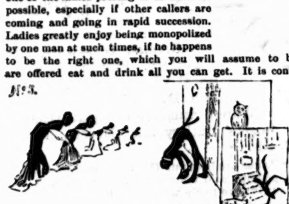


RALLY BY TWOS!

In taking your leave shake hands all round again, especially if the ladies assume a somewhat distant or repellent air. They merely want to test your good breading and self-possession.

Walk backwards in leaving the room. It is very swell, but not absolutely necessary to go down the front steps in the same manner.

Follow these directions implicitly, and society will long remember you.



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MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

MR. CLAY GREENE'S ROMANTIC DRAMA

The Golden Giant

WITH

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A PLAY OF TO-DAY

Which won immediate recognition in New York for its strength and beauty at the Fifth Avenue and Niblo's. Entire production under the management of Mr. H. C. Miner.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ALEXANDER FAIRFAX, commonly called "the Golden Giant.....Mr. RALPH DELMORE
"And while his frame was mighty in its strength,
His nature as gentle as any child's."
JACK MASON, a gambler.....Mr. WM. S. HARKINS
"All brass without, but solid gold within."
DUNCAN LEMOYNE.....Mr. CHAS. KIDDER
"Mephisto-like, he came with cunning smile
And planned destruction."
MAXWAYNE.....Mr. CHAS. J. GREENE
"And like a spectre rising from the grave he came again."
BISBY, an "idle" of Gold Run...Mr. RUSSELL BASSETT
"No duty base enough but gold could tempt him."
FLYNN, a miner.....Mr. ROBERT MURPHY
"A noble fellow in his way
In fact a diamond in the rough."
JACKSON, Argonaut of '49.....Mr. M. BLANCHARD
"A relic of the days when gold
Lay glist'ning in the mountain streams."
JIM LUNG, Chinese cheap labor.....AH WUNG SING
(The first and only English-speaking Chinese actor on any stage.)
"With a smile that was childlike and bland."
BESSIE FAIRFAX, known as "Bet,".....
Mrs. McKEE RANKIN
"A child of nature, bright as a summer's sun,
And brimming o'er with wit and life and love."
ETHEL GRAY, afterwards the wife of Fairfax.....
.....Miss LENORE BEELOW
"Until at last, pursued by cruel fate
She laid her down to mourn her life away."
Mrs. BOGGS, landlady of the Gold Run Hotel.....
.....Miss MARIAN STRICKLAND
"Strange combination, she of tenderness and harshness."
JACK MASON FAIRFAX, age 7 years..HAROLD KIDDER
"A tender cord that held two hearts together."

INDORSED BY PRESS AND PUBLIC.

"The Golden Giant" is a play sparkling with humor in its pathos and sentiment.—*The World.*

"The Golden Giant" is a magnificent creation. It contains every essential to success, and as an exponent of actual life in the Far West stands without a peer in the productions of the American stage.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mrs. Rankin was simply immense in the character of Bessie, and is without exception the cleverest legitimate soubrette on the American stage.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

It is not saying to much to state that "The Golden Giant" is the best drama of its kind, and that Mrs. Rankin never played a better part than "Bet" Fairfax. Mr. Will S. Harkins played Jack Mason, the gambler, exceedingly well. A big house resulted, and everybody was charmed.—*N. Y. Evening News.*

Mrs. Rankin was ably supported by Ralph Delmore, who played Sandy Fairfax in an honest and manly fashion. Mr. Delmore's performance of the role, indeed, improves in many important respects upon McKee Rankin's creation of it. "The Golden Giant" is just the sort of play the patrons of the People's Theater like to laugh and cry at.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Read! Ponder! Digest!

Ques.—Are you contemplating taking dancing lessons? If so, will it not be to your interest to take from an experienced teacher? Remember, habits of action, once formed, are a fixed fact. Nine-tenths of the dancing community of Toronto are pupils of Prof. Davis. Choose wisely; act wisely; be wise. New classes for LADIES, JUVENILES and GENTLEMAN now forming, to begin immediately. Register at once at the Academy, 80 Wilton ave.

MAYORALTY, 1888

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Are respectfully requested for

E. F. CLARKE

The People's Candidate,

AS

MAYOR FOR 1888

Election will take place Monday, Jan. 2

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Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

Great Reduction Sale.

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Allowed on all purchases during the next 30 days at the

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JAPANESE GOODS

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ICHI BAN

81 Yonge Street.

LADIES' SATIN DRESS SLIPPERS

From Paris, France,

Just arrived—white, cream, rose pink, salmon pink, blue, cardinal and heliotrope—all very elegant and low in price.

79 King Street E.

J. T. ARMAND

Ladies' Fashionable Hairdresser and Perfumer

OF PARIS, FRANCE (late of Green's),

407 YONGE STREET, 407

is prepared to take orders for Modern, Powdered and Historical Hairdressing for the coming balls and soirees in January. Ladies who wish their hair properly dressed to suit the physiognomy and to correspond with their dresses for the coming balls, or in want of any false hair, as bangs, curls, switches, etc., for finishing the style you desire, please call early and secure the time you wish to be served, so as to avoid disappointment.

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Van Der Veer & Holmes, New York, Cocoanut, Macaroon and other choice varieties.

"TAPPID HEN"
Hawthorn Dew, Scotch Whiskey.

"THE CRAYTHUR"
Erin go Braugh Dew, Irish Whiskey.

"MY QUEEN"
Jubilee Blend, Highland Whiskey.

"JEROTOAM"
Royal Blend, Scotch Whiskey.

Fine Old Ports and Sherries, also Chartreuse, Benedictine, Kummel, Cherry Brandy, Maraschino and Ceiracao Liqueurs.

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MARSLAND & KENNEDY

GROCERS, WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

285 KING STREET WEST.

JAKE'S RESTAURANT

S. W. Cor. Bay & Adelaide Sts.,

Open all night. Strictly first-class. Ladies' Entrance on Adelaide street. JAKE'S VIRGINIA FRY, put up in boxes with crackers and pickles, a specialty. Only the best in the market served. Private dining rooms attached.

HARRY WEBB'S WEEKLY

From 447 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Largest and Best-fitted Establishment of its kind in Canada.

"There's nothing so successful as success."

To be successful every business man must be on the alert. The tightness of the money market, the close competition in all business enterprises, urges each one to get to the top, and stay there. How is this to be accomplished? Why, by keeping the best goods, employing the best skilled labor and by being content with a moderate profit, thus doing a good business and turning the money over rapidly.

We import our goods from the best American and European markets for manufacturing purposes, *cheap for cash*. We also have a weakness for telling the ladies where to go for information as to selections of the choicest kinds of refreshments for the breakfast, dinner and supper table. Whilst we intend at all times to aid the ladies (by our experience) in entertaining, we do not intend to give away the hen that lays the golden egg.

We have in our establishment everything necessary for the table, including china, glass, silver and cutlery and center pieces, equal to any in use in the best private houses. This is the only place where you can rent cheap or expensive table furniture; where you can find all the novelties of New York, Paris or London, and stock complete in all the various departments of the business. We have first-class waiters on the premises for dinners, At Homes or evening parties.

The Latest in Individual Ices:
Mutton Chops, Lighted Candles and Neapolitan Brick Oblongs on Paper Laces.
Frozen Punches in Oranges, in Spun Sugar.
Orange Ice Pudding in Orange Cases.
New Entrees and Escaloped Oysters, in New Silver Entree Individual Dishes.
Individual Salads of all kinds.
We sell New Mince Meat, Superior Quality, in Glass Jars; Our Own Manufacture.
Plum Pudding, A1, ready for the pot.
Entrees to Order, ready for the range.
Fresh French Fruit Glaces, just arrived, 75c. per pound.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES TO

HARRY WEBB

447 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Winter Novelties Next Week.

THE

HARDMAN PIANO.

WITH JUST PRIDE

WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano in the world which has an iron key-frame support.
WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano in the world with a patent harp-stop attachment.
WE CLAIM that it is the only first-class Piano sold at an honest price.
WE CLAIM that for Purity of Tone and phenomenal durability it cannot be excelled.
WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano which improves after two or three years' usage and retains its full power and tone.

33,000 NOW IN USE.

New Warerooms, 138 Fifth Ave., New York.
Hardman, Peck & Co., Manufacturers.

A Few Second-hand Pianos at a bargain

C. H. BIGGER,

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

W. WEST & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

BOOTS and SHOES

Now showing a large assortment of

LADIES' FINE SHOES,
GENTS' FINE SHOES,
CHILDREN'S BOOTS.

Also Just Opened up a Magnificent Stock of

GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS

Just the thing for a Holiday Present.

Note the address

W. WEST & CO.,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT,

246 YONGE STREET.

"I do not think Clothing now costs one-half what it did when I was a boy."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

IF THE GRAND OLD MAN

Were to-day to pay a visit to

THE ARMY & NAVY

Clothing Stores

He would unhesitatingly correct the above statement, and say that instead of one-half it only costs one-third of what it did when he was a boy, and accord us our full meed of praise for the great plank in our platform of

KEEPING UP THE QUALITY

AND

HAMMERING DOWN THE PRICES

Notwithstanding the immense sales we have had and the thousands of customers who have purchased our cheap overcoats and suits we are still in a position to supply you with those wonderful values in

Boys' Tweed Overcoats at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $3.
Boys' Nap Overcoats at 98c.—sold elsewhere at $2.
Boys' Tweed Overcoats at $3—sold elsewhere at $5.
Boys' Nap Overcoats at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $3.
Boys' Tweed Suits at 98c.—sold elsewhere at $2
Boys' Tweed Suits at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $2.50.
Boys' Tweed Suits at $2.25—sold elsewhere at $3.50.
Men's Heavy Suits at $5.50—sold elsewhere at $9.
Men's Tweed Overcoats at $4.90—sold elsewhere at $7.
Men's Nap Overcoats at $6—sold elsewhere at $9
Men's Melton Overcoats at $7.50—sold elsewhere at $10.
Men's Melton Overcoats at $10—sold elsewhere at $15.

Stores Open till 9 o'Clock Every Night and 10 p.m. Saturdays.

THE ARMY & NAVY

CLOTHING STORES,

133 to 137 King St. E. Opp. St. James' Cathedral. | 221 Yonge Street, Cor. Shuter Street.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO THE

Public Generally

THE BON MARCHE

BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM

Will be closed from to-night, Saturday, December 31, 1887, until Wednesday morning, January 4, 1888, so as to enable us to

MARK DOWN

AND MAKE

DESPERATE REDUCTIONS

on every article in the store previous to our

ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING SALE

Our past experience has taught us that it is better to sacrifice Winter Goods even

FAR BELOW COST

rather than carry over a large stock to another season.

As every sharp business merchant in Canada, to-day knows that money makes money every day, but those who carry large stocks from season to season, it is a well-known fact they never make any money; consequently we want to sell

$40,000

worth of goods for about from

$20,000 to $25,000

solid cash during the month of January. Our object is to place us in a position to purchase more Bankrupt Stocks for the Spring Trade. Look out for our grand announcements in the daily papers on Tuesday next, when fuller particulars will be given.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO

7 AND 9 KING ST. EAST,

THE BON MARCHE

BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM

TO PRINTERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, as well as EVERY MORNING AND EVENING NEWSPAPER IN TORONTO, is printed from the Celebrated Extra-hard Metal Scotch Type, the best in the world, manufactured by MILLER & RICHARD, Edinburg, London, and 7 Jordan Street, Toronto.

That the leading newspapers of Toronto and the Dominion continuously use this letter is the best guarantee of its unquestionable superiority.

If you want to buy a

Christmas Present

See Our Display of

New and Beautiful Holiday Goods

Our stock is complete and is without doubt the nicest in the market.

REMEMBER

We are Noted for Low Prices, and for the next week we will be offering

SPECIAL BARGAINS

To clear out Lines.

THE PANTECHNETHECA

118 YONGE STREET, CORNER ADELAIDE STREET.

Tea, Dinner, Breakfast, Lunch, Fish and Game Sets. English, American and German Glassware, Art Pottery. French Flowers, Royal Worcester, Zolnay and Fishern Hungarian Ware, Teplitz Ware, Statuary, Silver-plated Goods, Rogers' Cutlery and Carvers. Fancy Goods.

Our Prices are low, our Goods new. Customers receive prompt and courteous attention, and we esteem it a privilege to show our Goods.

☞ Be sure and take the Elevator to our Show Rooms on the Second Flat, as we have some Elegant Goods there that you should see.